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—William Pfaff

Volume LXXXVIII No. 20 September 6, 1968 35 cents

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David Burrell

THE VIOLENT AMERICAN

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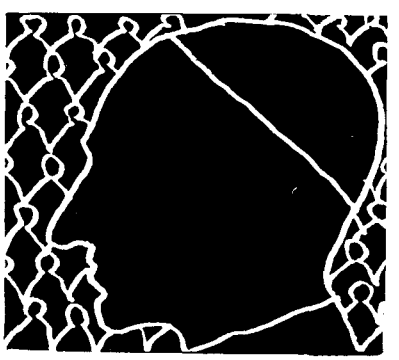

THE ENCYCLICAL CRISIS

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NEWS AND VIEWS

The Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia makes the comment seem foolhardy, still it was a mistake for the Johnson-Humphrey Administration to press ahead, against strong counsel, with the development of the Multiple Independently Targetable Reentry Vehicle (MIRV).

There was every good reason for cancelling, or at least delaying, tests on these new long-range missiles, which are capable of carrying from three to ten hydrogen bombs and dropping them, manna-like, on widely scattered targets. As Senator Eugene McCarthy remarked in one of the many campaign statements by him to be neglected by the press, a postponement of the MIRV tests "would not pose any threat to our security" and, in point of fact, they "could seriously jeopardize the success of future arms control negotiations."

The second consideration is especially crucial, and is the precise ground on which White House confidants like MIT scientist Jerome B. Wiesner objected to the tests. Wiesner urged postponement until talks with Russia indicated whether a missile freeze between the two superpowers is possible.

It is easy in the light of events in Czechoslovakia to counter the arguments of men like McCarthy and Wiesner. But the fact remains that it is nuclear weapons which pose the primary threat to mankind, and on matters relating to nuclear controls the Russians have been negotiable. Since 1963 and the historic nuclear test ban treaty, Russia and the U.S. have moved agonizingly slowly but steadily closer to a comprehensive plan for control of nuclear weapons. The hot-line communications treaty, the pact for preservation of outer space for peaceful purposes, the nuclear non-proliferation treaty — these are agreements not to be casually dismissed; they represent enormous strides toward an eventual world stability.

The Johnson-Humphrey determination to develop a MIRV system does not disembowel those gains completely. But, just as surely as does the invasion of Czechoslovakia, it places them in danger of neutralization and draws new difficulties about prospects for future nuclear controls.

The complicating—indeed, defeating—problem so far as an MIRV system is concerned, is that the MIRV does not lend itself to inspection by satellite reconnaissance, the standard method for checking a nation's faithfulness to missile treaties. From the distance of a satellite, it is impossible to determine how many warheads a single MIRV might mother; one missile carefully camouflaged could employ enough warheads to wipe out most of the world.

The MIRV, in a word, is an enormous obstacle to peace.

Adding to distress over the MIRV decision is the fact that it was arrived at not in the heat of Russia's power-play in middle-Europe, but during the interlude of the Czech crisis, when it appeared that the political tensions there had been peacefully resolved on the side of freedom, liberty and democratization. Given that circumstance, it is hard to say that it is the Russians alone who have quickened tensions in the world during the past ten days or so; the Johnson-Humphrey Administration made its contribution through its decision to expand U.S. overkill capabilities—and thus, by the way, perhaps inadvertently furnished fuel to worries of Russia and its allies over their security.

•

Whatever the immediate purposes served by the surreptitious visit to Rome last month of four of the five American cardinals, the drawbacks are several.

Whether Cardinals Krol, Cody, McIntyre and O'Boyle (Cushing stayed home) went to Rome at the bidding of the Pope or on their own initiative to discuss whatever was discussed, the net effect of their visit was to undermine further the episcopal collegiality which Vatican II envisioned and which, some thought, found expression in the national conferences of bishops, the U.S. Conference among them.

The likelihood is that the U.S. cardinals were summoned to Rome. Hence, the absence of Archbishop Dearden, president of the U.S. Conference of Bishops, from the secret meeting with the Pope dispels another illusion about collegiality being a working principle of the current pontificate. National conferences of bishops might have stature and standing in the conciliar documents, but it is the unrepresentative club of cardinals which Paul VI obviously prefers to draw into consultation.

The U.S. bishops will, of course, be publicly uncomplaining about last month's end-run around their episcopal conference. And rank-and-file Catholics, long used to the situation, will shrug off the secrecy of the meeting and the new evidence it offers of the reluctance of Church officials to take them into their confidence. But the whole business is going to have to end and end soon if the Church is to escape irreparable hurt. Like people ceasing to care anymore . . . which is rapidly becoming the case.

•

The best quips of summer belong to Eugene McCarthy:

—On Nixon's choice of Spiro Agnew as a running mate: "I thought he'd pick Steve Derounian." (Derounian, former Representative from Nassau County, Long Island, and a rabid Goldwater supporter, passed into political oblivion in 1964.)

—On *Humanae Vitae* and government-sponsored birth control: "The papal stand on birth control, and also on the question of whether the bones they found under St. Peter's were authentic or not—I think that is the kind of issue you ought to reserve for vice-presidential candidates."

•

Quote of the Week:

—Greek Premier George Papadopoulos, after the unsuccessful assassination attempt against his life: "My life will be safe as long as God, who is a Philhellene, connects it with the interest of Greece." JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Encyclical

Toronto, Ont.

To the Editors: I suspect that the main theological significance of Paul VI's latest encyclical lies not in its stand on the important but particular question of birth control, but rather in the fact that it *forces* a general and utterly crucial issue: What is the Pope's role in the ordinary self-expression of the Church?

One may begin by asking the following question: As a guide in religious and moral matters, is the "mind of the Church" notably more reliable than the consensus of any other large group of people? The Catholic has always answered this question affirmatively, maintaining that the area of ecclesial belief is one in which the Holy Spirit's influence is concretely realized.

How, then, does one go about discovering the "mind of the Church"? More specifically, where does one look for the most authentic contemporary expression of the Church's convictions on religious and moral questions? There seem to be three positions on this question.

1) As recently as ten years ago, the majority of theologians were still invoking Roman documents, and papal encyclicals above all, as being *the* definitive contemporary expressions of the Church's stands.

2) One of the main themes of Vatican II was that the "mind of the Church" is *collegial*—not merely in its *composition* (which had been recognized all along) but also in its *expression* (which was hailed as a rediscovered insight, complementing Vatican I's emphasis on papal prerogatives). It was stressed that the views of the bishops (and perhaps even of the people at large) are significant expressions of the Church's doctrinal convictions, with papal pronouncements then being the authoritative reflections of ecclesial consensus. The Pope's unique magisterial power thus was safeguarded, but it was viewed as being operative in a collegial manner.

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A BETTER DEAL

The irony of this election year is that apparently neither party is terribly interested in winning the presidential election. Having talked about the "new coalition" of the middle classes, the disaffected, the Negroes and the poor, Richard Nixon proceeded to lean heavily to the old coalition that gave the nomination to Barry Goldwater in 1964. And having witnessed the abdication of an incumbent President who finally came to realize that the country had decisively repudiated his policies—especially on the war—the Democrats seemed certain to nominate a man strongly identified with these same policies. Moreover, as the days to the convention drew closer it was not even possible to tell whether or not Johnson had been serious about his abdication, or if this was just another power play. Rumors about his plans to stage a comeback at the convention (which he was supposedly controlling through his henchmen) were just plausible enough to be half-believed—a fact that attests to how thoroughly the political climate has been poisoned by his incumbency. Johnson's retirement speech of March 31 was hailed as one that lent credence to his peaceful intentions; now it has come to light that rather than de-escalating unilaterally as had been promised, even more bomb tonnage has been dropped on Vietnam; the talks that were supposed to indicate at the very least a disposition to reach for a political solution to the war have begun to look like another elaborate façade for prolonging the war until a military victory can be hacked out for the Saigon regime. Indeed, there is a strong suspicion that the offer to negotiate which Hanoi accepted was made in the full expectation that it would be turned down. That it was accepted has proved to be embarrassing to the Administration, which was unprepared to negotiate and which has hardened its conditions for a total bombing halt—something that would probably lead to

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full-scale negotiations toward a political compromise. The most recent indication of this hardening—Johnson's declaration of no further "de-escalation"—came at a time when there was general agreement that Hanoi was scaling down its half of the war and American troop casualties were at a near all-time low.

Johnson's reaction appeared to follow the pattern of escalation nurtured for four years, and apparently quashed any hopes for an early cease-fire. But it also had the effect of throwing cold water on Hubert Humphrey's candidacy, which was making concessions to the McCarthy forces and in an effort to indicate that a Humphrey presidency would also bring an end to the war. The speculation was that Johnson wanted vindication for his Vietnam policies—regardless of what the outcome might be for his Vice-President. Humphrey, meanwhile, found himself caught in the position he has been in since the announcement of his own candidacy: to make it clear that he is—or would soon be—"his own man," while at the same time mollifying Johnson who wants very badly to retain some degree of influence in the party after the nomination.

The result has been disastrous. Mr. Humphrey's image has become one of a vacillating, weak man unable to break loose from the gordian knot of the Administration and unable to endorse the Johnson policies without precipitating the kind of divisions that will probably help to elect Richard Nixon. One of the more poignant examples of this dilemma has been Humphrey's tortured Vietnam meanderings of the days before the convention. Before the Liberal Party of New York Humphrey found that his views and those of Robert Kennedy were "remarkably similar." Two days before Chicago, however, Humphrey was again in "complete agreement" with the President, even pledging that Hanoi "isn't going to get a better deal out of me." The fact remains, however, that if the next President is to govern with the consent of the people he will be compelled to give Hanoi a "better deal" than it has thus far been dealt. At issue is not whether or not Humphrey could be "his own man" but how to end the kind of arrogance of the powerful who have usurped the major decisions from democratic control.

POMP AND POVERTY

The intention, of course, was noble and the theme was meticulously developed to accent the urgency of social development. Still, the purposes of the 39th International Eucharistic Congress in Bogota, Colombia, were not well served. The reasons were not so much the pomp and circumstance, nor the contradictions that existed in the decrying of poverty from the comforts of one's deluxe state. Participants at Liturgical Week in Washington had a point when they cabled Pope Paul urging him to spurn the Lincoln Continental sent from New York and the $15,000 chalice and ornaments specially made for him for the occasion. But such objections, however valid, did not get to the core of the difficulties.

The problems with the 39th Eucharistic Congress began with the attempt to adapt as a modern social instrument a religious pageant which is hopelessly outdated. A Eucharistic Congress is essentially a triumphalistic nineteenth-century spectacle for glorifying Catholic understanding of the Real Presence. Admittedly the Eucharist has its social dimension, but it is bizarre to expect that the relationship can be satisfactorily established in the extravaganza that a Eucharistic Congress inevitably becomes, with or without the presence of a pope. Participants might thrill to the spectacle, but to figure them to come away with keen social motivation is like expecting visitors to a circus sideshow to leave the tent with a crusader's concern for the pitiable souls whose abnormalities are exploited inside. Unquestionably they should, but few, if any, do, for the simple reason that social misery is overwhelmed by the circumstances in which the misery is encountered. So it is, we fear, with a Eucharistic Congress, as that event relates to poverty and social ills.

Secondly, it is questionable how much impact a socially-oriented Eucharistic Congress, or any other Church-sponsored gathering for that matter, can have these days when harnessed by the restrictive theological formulae which Pope Paul aggressively seeks to impose on the Church. Pope Paul spoke moving appeals in Bogota on behalf of the poor and the dispossessed, but he doomed the worst-off to their impossible condition when, just before going to Bogota, he retreated from Vatican II and banned effective control of births as a recourse for beset families and nations. Likewise, Pope Paul pleaded stirringly in Bogota for agrarian reform and economic revisionism, but at the same time he retreated from a major point of his own social doctrine with repeated and unqualified rejection of revolutionary activity as a means for social change.

In *Populorum Progressio,* Paul conceded that revolution produced injustices of its own, yet he envisioned the possibility of recourse to "revolutionary activity . . . where there is manifest long-standing tyranny which could do great damage to fundamental personal rights and dangerous harm to the common good of the country." Now few would argue that, under the circumstances in which he was in Colombia, Pope Paul should have preached revolution. But, by the same token, there was no need for him to disown unequivocally this basic principle of his own articulation in a country which is the personification of the social injustices he pinpointed in his encyclical.

The conclusion seems to be that Pope Paul is in fear not only of the forces placed in motion by Vatican II, but by his own earlier papal statements. Thus does theological retrogression have its social parallel; thus, also, does religion suffer another setback.

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FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Czechoslovakia Invaded

Did the United States license Russia to crush Czechoslovakia? On the evidence both of past action and present response, yes. On the evidence, such as has been made available, of what actually was said to the Soviet Union, yes. We seem to have signaled consistently that Eastern Europe belongs to Russia, as Latin America belongs to us—and Vietnam, except as the Vietnamese themselves unaccountably resist that arrangement.

The less pleasant implications of this position certainly have been subliminally acknowledged by the Administration, even if they were not directly confronted. Washington unquestionably was shocked by what happened Aug. 20. It can hardly have been surprised. It has been clear since June that an invasion was a serious possibility. That an invasion could take place despite the Bratislava meeting was telegraphed in Soviet official statements and propaganda for the week preceding the invasion. The newspaper reader could know that invasion might come. The CIA, observing military movements in Eastern Europe, must have known when it began to happen. The Soviet ambassador courteously called on Mr. Johnson to inform him when it happened. Mr. Johnson's response was to consult with other governments on submitting the matter to the UN—a course of action he has not regarded as particularly profitable in the case of Vietnam.

Indeed, poor Vietnam is likely to suffer worse from this than the Czechoslovaks. The more belligerent of the Hawks in this country will now displace their anger at the Soviets onto the accessible Vietnamese Communists. Czechoslovak liberalism will be revenged in Vietnam, where there are no Russians with nuclear weapons.

And those other Americans who have deplored the Vietnamese war will too easily find refuge in what Arthur Koestler once called "the fallacy of clean hands." How can we speak of Czechoslovakia when we are sinners ourselves? How indeed; let the Czechs and Slovaks do penance for us. Thus Senator McCarthy's initial statement on the invasion—in my judgment a statement which not only lacked serious insight into the implications of what Russia has now done, but was repellent in its moral complacency.

But it was Lenin, a realist, who once observed that "history is more cunning than any of us." By invading Czechoslovakia the Soviet Union reinforces the fear, the seriousness, with which it is regarded abroad, but it also reinforces the common-sense verdict on Russia of ordinary people outside Russia. That verdict is that Russia's is a brutal and untrustworthy government. And history ordinarily allows the common sense of ordinary people a day of vindication, even of vengeance.

The invasion will also enlarge that inner distress within Russian society which the literary controversies and arrests of intellectuals in recent years have dramatized. Contemporary Russia bears marks of another Russia, that of the late czarist years, then as now a society where a talented and restless intelligentsia struggled against a government of secret police and stupid bureaucrats.

But the most important direct consequence of this invasion will be the blow it has dealt to an international system now 20-years-old. For 20 years the world has uneasily acquiesced in the "guardianship" of the two super-powers, prepared to allow them a duopoly of military power, content to press them towards political accommodation and truce. This was possible because the United States, whatever its aberrations, was widely regarded as ultimately a serious and responsible nation. Russia since the mid-1950s has been seen as capable of significant internal reform, but also as constrained by the same need for peace and orderly international relations as the United States, simultaneously balanced in its own potentiality for excess by American power.

Now, it seems to me, the political foundation for this position has been wrecked. "Guardianship" has come to bear the marks of duopoly. Restraint has come to seem confined to direct challenges by one great power to the other; while towards third nations the Soviets and Americans act as they find expedient. Such restraint becomes menacing; such an international "order" comes to have another look about it.

Europe, I think, is going to react, and against the United States as well as Russia. Europe has chosen for 20 years now to play a very limited role in international affairs. But it is no longer weak today, as it was in 1945. In economic power, the GNP, in manpower and brains —and military talent—Western Europe needs concede nothing to either the Soviet Union or the United States. And Europe no longer is morally crippled, as it was after the moral catastrophes of Nazism and the insouciant near-suicide of 1914-1918.

What Czechoslovakia, following hard upon Vietnam, will accomplish is to abolish Europe's sense of security within a political and military system dominated by the United States and Russia. Europeans now can and will look cynically to themselves, to rearmament, to a political and military role which assumes experience and betrayal from both Russia and America. The French nuclear *force de frappe* now is vindicated. The West German Grand Coalition's policy of rapprochement with the East is discredited as decisively as the Adenauer policy of political abdication to the United States.

Whatever Russia's immediate gains by conquering Czechoslovakia, in the end I fear that it may discover that it would have done better to have made a latter-day application of Napoleon's celebrated warning about Russia. It may find that Europe should have been allowed to sleep, for when it awakes the world may be sorry.

WILLIAM PFAFF

6 September 1968: 581

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Saigon Tightens Squeeze on Students

On June 24, 1968, the police arrested Nguyen Troung Con, 23-year-old editor of the *Sinh Vien*, the official magazine of the Saigon Student Union. Despite the protest of the Executive Committee of the SSU, which warned that "by court-martialing Nguyen Troung Con, the government will collectively court-martial 25,000 students and 5,000 readers of the magazine as well, the field military court of the IIIrd Corps sentenced him to five years at hard labor. The accusation: disseminating "false peace and pro-Communist printed material harmful to the anti-Communist struggle of the Vietnamese people and armed forces." The verdict cannot be appealed.

The condemnation of the young editor was but one case in the long and growing list of repressions by the Thieu-Ky military regime against peace-minded Vietnamese, the best known of which has been the recent incarceration of Troung Dinh Dzu, the runner-up candidate in last year's presidential election. He also was sentenced to five years. But the Nguyen Troung Con arrest was symbolic of the attention the government has been directing to the student agitation for peace. In recent weeks, the arrests of students have reached a regularity unmatched by the 1963 crackdown on the students and Buddhists by Diem despite earlier indications that the Thieu-Ky government was moving in a direction that gave the students hope to continue their movement for peace. At the end of May of this year, Tran Van Huong, widely respected for his honesty and desire to end the war, was named Prime Minister, while liberal intellectuals such as Ton That Thien, former editor of the Viet Nam *Guardian* and Au Ngoc Ho, were named to his cabinet.

Encouraged, the SSU on June 12 issued a statement directly calling for negotiation "so that the people will not be extinguished. Vietnam must have peace, independence, freedom . . ." It urged the "Tran Van Huong government to carry on his promise (to make peace) as he assumed the premiership in Saigon."

The government, for its part, has been trying to counteract what it sees as massive defection by students to the Viet Cong. Many in fact did join the NLF, only to surface during the Tet Offensive, provoking the government to close all the schools and draft the students into what it calls the "Su Doan Sinh Vien Bao Thu Do" (the Students Division for the Protection of the Capital). The Saigon Student Union, bitterly angered, challenged the constitutionality of the formation of the Capital Division, and charged that it has led "to serious corruptions and bad misunderstanding in the public opinion." It asked the regime to "use the students to help the refugees" instead.

The student opposition to the Division was part of the larger opposition to the mobilization decree of June 19, which called for the drafting of 269,000 men into the regular army this year, along with the compulsory participation of some 300,000 more in the "people's self-defense units." The draft involves all men from 16 to 50 and veterans with 12 years of military service.

The students are worried about the effects of their activities. The University has been reopened, the Capital Division put on a less active footing, and Pham Hao Quang, chairman of the Executive Board of the faculty of science students who had been arrested on Feb. 21, 1968, was released on June 5. But arrests are continuing, and some prominent student leaders have been kidnapped or have been killed, as was Tran Quoc Chuong, a 22-year-old medical student, mysteriously. Overseas students are no exception; many have had their funds cut off, and have been recalled. Those accused of "pro-Communist" activities are being tried *in absentia*. Several students in this country who have protested against the war have had this happen to them. Few are impressed. Practically all the students in Europe, for example, have either joined the pro-Hanoi United Association of Overseas Vietnamese or the Buddhist Student Association of the United Buddhist Church of Vietnam. And clearly, the student movement is a continuing proposition in Vietnam as well, and indicates that the U.S. hope to have the South Vietnamese assume a heavier burden of the war will be merely that.

TRAN VAN DINH

(Tran Van Dinh, a journalist and lecturer, was Chargé d'Affaires of South Vietnam to the United States in 1963.)

Steelworkers Resist Black Demands

Chicago

The chairman of the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders, Otto Kerner, chose a curious way to use his power to implement the Commission's findings: he resigned as Governor of Illinois. Another Commission member, I. W. Abel of the United Steelworkers, hasn't taken so demure a route. Yet neither has he allowed the Kerner Report to dog his work as President of the Union of 1.2 million members. And this casual spirit was at work during the USW's recent Chicago convention.

The issue for the 3,500 delegates at the five-day meeting was a bid by a caucus of 350 black delegates to place two Negroes on the Union's 33-man executive board. The Blacks organized as an ad hoc committee during the early stages of Abel's 1965 campaign against David McDonald. As the incumbent USW president, McDonald was asked by the blacks to grant a hearing of their grievances. He gave them 15 minutes. The ad hoc committee found Abel a better listener, and turned out a heavy black

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vote for him (estimates of Negro membership run about 25 percent). As the Negroes understood the arrangement, they now would see Abel act on some of their gripes. But nearly four years later, shortly before another vote for international officers next February, Abel still hasn't carried out the deal. So the ad hoc group came into the convention ready to fight for black representation at the top.

A leader of the blacks, Jonathan Comer of East Chicago, outlined the proposal the ad hoc group planned to make on the second day of the convention: the USW constitution would be amended by a majority vote to add a director-at-large to the executive board and reactivate the post of second vice-president, a job once filled by a Negro but dropped after he left the Union. The newly-created jobs, of course, would be vacant, and Abel would fill them by appointment. Blacks would be named, but they would keep their offices only by getting nominated this November and standing successfully for the February election. For the problem, as the blacks see it, isn't getting elected--rather, it's getting nominated with at least some chance to win. And this difficulty grows out of the structure of USW politics.

The executive board comprises four international officers and 29 directors elected out of as many districts. (The convention approved a plan to cut the number of districts to 24, and the five extra directors won't be replaced after their retirement.) Every district has at least a half-dozen subdistrict directors, named by the local director. The informal route to nomination for a directorship is through these appointive subdistrict jobs: they help an aspirant get the minimum of five local union endorsements needed for nomination, and also give a candidate the district-wide exposure needed to make a spot on the ticket worth something. The blacks say they aren't getting these key appointments—only one Negro holds a subdistrict directorship, said Comer.

On the second day of the convention, the blacks submitted six resolutions to the constitutional committee of the convention. The proposals pointed out various ways to get Negroes into one or both of the added seats. Several of the resolutions taken together set forth Comer's version of the ad hoc proposal. And another suggestion, since most of the black strength is inside six of the districts, was to redraw district lines to let Negroes control one or more directorships. The constitutional committee turned down all these resolutions because they weren't specified as constitutional changes. A technicality, the blacks thought. So they brought their resolutions onto the floor for an hour of debate-and-defeat.

Abel made some remarks during debate about the work he's done on the Kerner Commission, awards for brotherhood he's received, black groups he's addressed, and Negroes he's known and hired. He slammed the black caucus requests as tokenism. Yet Abel seemed unable to tell the difference between a token and a symbol. For the symbolic meaning of two jobs at the top meant as much as anything else to the debaters of the ad hoc committee.

But the symbolic move had a weakness, as the top-ranking Negro staff member of the USW, James Jones, stressed during the floor fight. His heated speech probably led to the 2-to-1 voice against the other blacks. And his argument, although it probably wasn't what solidified white opposition to the resolutions, made a telling point: the jobs the blacks wanted had only formal powers and lacked the political bases needed for real clout inside the union.

Yet Augustus Sevage, an unsuccessful black candidate for a Chicago congressional seat this year, asked by the black steelworkers to advise them during the convention, put their case this way: "Look, we're tired of hearing about the trappings of union democracy. Let's see some democratic results."

RALPH WHITEHEAD JR.

(Ralph Whitehead Jr. is a Chicago newspaperman.)

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PUBLIC TELEVISION

MORE OF CAPTAIN KANGAROO

Few technologies have the capacity to restore humanity to American life. Public Television, which might rebuild our taste for community, gasps and wheezes in the cellar of society. Congress, occupied with more lethal machines at home and abroad, is not disposed to much more than a squirt of funds for PTV. The $270 million annually recommended by the Carnegie Commission for the development of a truly innovative Public Television technology has become slightly more than $4 million in the hands of a distracted Congress. Last fall, Congress did create the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, but so skeletal has that organization remained that its chairman, Frank Pace Jr., still runs the show from space in his International Executive Service Corps in New York. The difficulty is that PTV has been loved too much, too soon, by its friends; consequently, it has been vulnerable to the infections of the time: political doubts, fiscal squeezes, administrative jealousies, jaded expectations.

The principal band of PTV gallants is led by Thomas Hoving, Chairman of the National Citizens Committee for Public Broadcasting. Assembled less than a year ago, this retinue of educators, inventors and superstars (such as Lee DuBridge, Buckminister Fuller and Myrna Loy) constitutes a network of taste and influence, if not poli-

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ical effectiveness. After months of paper-shuffling and speechmaking, the Committee recently delivered itself of "A Report to the American People" on the state of public broadcasting. The effort is exhortatory, rather than constructive, wistful, rather than compelling. Twenty-six pages of imperative verbs and a supplement of photocopied responses from impoverished educational television stations picture a worn-out love object, rather than a nubile dish we might all take to.

The report, which seems addressed primarily to members of Congress, urges what others have urged before: full appropriations for construction of new educational stations and for the Corporation for Public Broadcasting; cheap or free interconnection for educational stations; a definitive plan for federal long-range financing, free of annual review.

The Committee has class and glamour. The report, however, comes on like an uptight sociology major describing summer romance. Footnotes—mostly quotations from The Four Hundred of foundation and industrial society—abound. No matter how preoccupied with guns and votes politicians are, the public statements of McGeorge Bundy and Frank Stanton are so familiar as not to require reiteration in endless lines of bottom-of-the-page agate. Worse, most of the citations are from testimony these men gave to the Senate Subcommittee on Communications, and thus have been heard before by the right political ears.

The Committee is packed with taste-makers: Hoving, Podhoretz, Bernstein. Their document, dry and moralistic, dares little. Coming from men who in their usual occupations recognize their Heraclitean situation, it stuns only by its sameness: the rhetoric centers on things "vibrant, creative, dynamic." A Committee with the social insights of a Galbraith, Harrington and Randolph might be expected to *do* more than describe "the dark, tangled labyrinth through which our society and our planet so precariously move." That we know.

What we do not know, and what the assembled talents of the Committee might have told all of us, is how to persuade Congress to give us the non-commercial, educational, cultural broadcasting service the most advanced technological society needs so badly. At a time when Japan leads the world in programs for children, we rely on building up Captain Kangaroo's educational programming. In an age when instruction through television upgrades worker skills in Peking, Canton and Shanghai, we fiddle with pre-apprenticeship job training in the ghettos. When most Western nations grant political parties free television year in, year out, we give our parties opportunities to pay millions to commercial networks in order to reach the electorate. The implications are threatening. Truly educational ventures usually are; as Dewey demonstrated so long ago, education involves a change in behavior. However, that is surely the point in developing a responsive Public Television for our sort of country.

What the Committee report might have done was to show how its very influential citizens assessed, not the state of impending Congressional action on broadcasting, but the ways in which their own educational, artistic and social constituencies were organizing to deal with a political stand on public television. Unions have long distrusted educational broadcasters as potentially exploitative. The Committee, with insight and planning, might enlist more than union figureheads in voter pressure on Congress. Educators, one of the most mobile groups in the society, now flow in and out of political life in numbers suggestive of the savvy they have acquired. So far this year, young people have shown an increasing interest in the political process. In such groups, the Committee could find a political base.

Indeed, in its formative months last winter, the Committee did begin to think in these terms. Local, active, citizens' groups were projected. However, some public broadcasters resented this pushiness. They saw that the Carnegie recommendations would conflict with the attitudes of an economy-minded Congress which was already nervous over issues of political dominance in the Corporation for Public Broadcasting and in some National Educational Television broadcasts. Accordingly, strategies which would make the best of a bad fiscal year were sought. To tide them over, the broadcasters looked, and not vainly, to their old sugar-daddies in the Foundations. Both Ford and Carnegie came through, as in years past, with relief. The word was passed to the Citizens Committee not to make waves.

Although the foundation contributions were handsome, they were tied to specific projects and to existing stations. They represented disaster relief in the face of what Public Broadcasting had to do, rather than what the Carnegie Commissioners called "a program for action."

That program remains to be implemented. It is a pity that the Committee, which often stresses need for free, innovative Public Broadcasting, seems to have neglected the virtues of the independence it recommends and, until publication of its report, promised to have. Freed from the prudence of broadcasters whose concern was mostly penurious, the Committee might well have created one of Mr. Hoving's more effective happenings. DAVID WALKER

(David Walker is editor of Yale Reports, which produces radio and TV programs for the University.)

Summer Schedule

In keeping with the usual practice, *Commonweal* has been appearing on alternate weeks during July-September. The next issue will be dated September 20. We will then resume our normal weekly publishing schedule.

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THE VIOLENT AMERICAN

Can religious communities provide the example America needs?

DAVID B. BURRELL

It is hard to find any American who is not sick at heart these days. We can measure out our lives by assassination dates, lives we play out against the backdrop of organized violence abroad and spontaneous outbreaks at home. We feel ourselves running out of all capacity to respond. Nearly drained of emotional resilience, we fear we may go dead inside.

Yet this sickness need not be unto death; at this point a little reflection should help. Reflection hardly sounds like a timely remedy, yet it can help if it allows us to see through the violence. And the need to understand is imperative if we are to respond, for violence itself leaves no room for response. We can only react to violence, either lashing back or withdrawing into a protective posture. We have no other choice; violence leaves no room. Hence it does not help to remind ourselves of the tissue of violence in America's history. That jars us into a perspective of shame, but hardly helps. For we must still ask *why?* Why a heritage shot through with deeds that shame us? And how do we manage to keep it all so neatly hidden from our own view between the bloody scenes?

The answer lies not in America's acceptance of violence as such, but in our traditional regard for something far more respectable—a virtue not a vice, and a virtue closely woven into the texture of the American ideal. That is, of course, self-assertion. Whether idealized in the bravura of the movie cowboy or dramatized in the quiet determination of frontier men and women, or given voice in the enterprising young executive or the imaginative suburban woman, the drive is the same: to give shape to something myself—to make of these acres, this job, this home an extension and image of myself. Natural enough, normal enough; but what makes the efforts intent on this goal issue in overt acts of violence? My suspicion is that the ideal itself, radically aggressive and competitive as it is, contained from the beginning the seeds of much violence. We have already seen this acted out in the battles which gave form to the labor movement. I shall try to show other devices we have used over the years to contain or rehearse the violence unleashed by our national ideal. What makes our times so different is not violence itself, but rather the social organization following upon a closed frontier: urbanization.

The secret of our ancestors was space. Put enough space between self-assertive individuals, and they will be able to avoid conflict. Nor will they be constrained, of course, to face up to the other side of self-assertion, its darker, weaker side. Yet so long as the earth cried out to be dominated, we needed all the self-assertion we could get. It was wasteful, to be sure; but other generations would be along to pick up. As space closed in, the ideal of a buffer zone remained. The suburbanite who cherishes and protects his home with yard and hedge is a linear descendant of the legendary pioneer who moved when he could see a neighbor's smoke. Each shies away from the task of living with other men and the world he shares with them, in favor of living his own life and dominating the world stretched out before *him.*

Of course the suburbanite must pay much more for far less of a buffer zone than the pioneer could enjoy. And a large part of what he pays out is independence. Informal social controls crisscross suburbia. No new frontier here; pressures to socialize make inroads everywhere. Yet if independence cannot be bought, a certain amount of isolation can be: relative isolation from the people next door,

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nearly complete isolation from civic and political concerns. The man with a plot of land all his own (and a car or two to ferry himself back and forth from it) need not really rub elbows with the fellow next door, nor with public conveyances or social concerns like urban planning. He can even further isolate himself by fencing off his neighbors and voting assiduously for the form of government which bothers him least. And unlike the pioneer, the suburbanite can make himself more and more comfortable in his twentieth-century isolation.

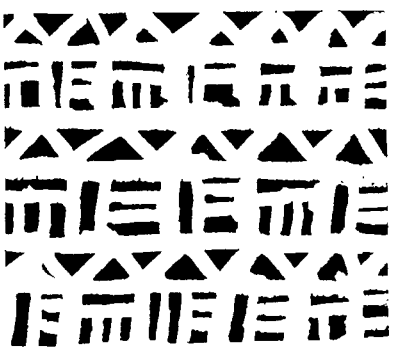
"Every man on his plot" describes at once the result of a consistent application of self-assertion and the ideal conditions for continuing that policy. I purposely speak only of the man, and not of the women and children, for these usually hamper a consistent assertion of self. They are convenient, for they justify the entire enterprise, but they also insist upon introducing alien elements—like a desire for happiness (apparently something more than comfort), and other children from other plots (who can only bring dissension).

But am I not painting too grim, even too abstract a picture? Are there not plenty of other people around? Is not idle and constant togetherness the very bane of suburbia? Yes, of course, but seldom is it exercised so as to threaten the more basic isolation. There are the groups of friends whose approval seals us in even more tightly. And then there are the neighbors we fence off, the minority groups spilling out of their place, and the various forces—real and imagined—which threaten the basic scheme. Some are said to threaten it violently (like Communism), others come in the apparently innocent guise of flower-children. But these latter are much more dangerous than they appear—as some are quick to see—for they challenge the very ideal of isolation and self-assertion and speak of loving with others. And most often they are challenging what they have known, rejecting what they have been offered and grown up with.

The shape of their rejection helps us recognize more clearly the violence latent in the ideals of upper-middle-class America, that class which possesses the substance of what earlier Americans hoped for. Buffer zones of wide-open spaces, or self-enclosed lots give room to hate, to compete vigorously, without having to come into open conflict. The ideal of self-assertion and self-fulfillment leads me to transform my lot more and more into circumstances favorable to my life. Every increment of income allows me to distance myself that much more from any need to live with others. And since this distance, this relative isolation, is a condition for self-assertion, any encroachment upon it, any insistence that I take part, any political intervention, becomes a threat to be violently resisted.

The pattern should now be clear: diminish the buffer zone while retaining the same ideal, and the violence previously contained will break out into overt conflict. The violence is not new; the altered urban conditions have brought it out into full view. And part of the altered urban pattern is, of course, the breakdown of the ethnic neighborhood. These neighborhoods certainly enjoyed no abundance of space, and the American ideal animated their very beginnings. So they should speak eloquently against my thesis. In fact, they illustrate it and give it greater breadth and depth. For something in the ethnic neighborhood tempered the single-minded application of the self-assertive ideal: rituals of an old world civilization, patterns, things people had to fit into so long as the elders held sway.

Civilization and its rituals temper the pursuit of self-assertion by reminding us of something more than self, something into which we must fit. Seen in this light, it becomes clear that civilization and culture are the very antithesis of a rational ordering of society. In fact, they represent patterned ways of acknowledging, rehearsing and living out those mysterious and unmanageable sides of the self which the ideal of self-assertion conveniently overlooks—or tries to overlook until they break out in overt facts of violence. Call this other side of the self,



with Jung, the *soul* (*anima*), and we can see how firmly most of us are entrenched in the myth of the self alone (or the soul-less self) and how deeply involved we are in violence.

For the soul, in the Jungian sense, is that side of ourselves both personal to us yet shared with others, which we cannot alter or reform; we can only be obedient and docile to it. Yet the self that would live by asserting itself cannot permit itself to fit into such an (apparently) alien pattern. That self must rather attempt to fit the world of itself. It is impelled to make, shape, forge itself (in competition, of course, with other selves), until it can buy itself sufficient isolation. Whatever competes with it, whatever the assertive self seeks to distance itself from, is a threat which will be met with violence, if need be.

The soul and its demands—the rituals and patterns of a culture—are furthermore quite irrelevant to the self on the make. Strictly speaking, these demands are above and beyond all considerations of *relevance,* for whatever is relevant is so because it fits a predetermined scheme of needs. The demands of the soul undercut any scheme we might think up, so they can only appear irrelevant to a self intent on asserting itself. The language of soul, as we

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might suspect, is antithetical to the language of self. Instead of regarding life as a project, the language of soul draws us to speak of following docilely; in place of making, shaping, forging a self, it invites us to *accept* a person yet more basic than the self we could make, to surrender to creative forces within us and let them shape us as they would.

It is a commonplace by now to remark that this side of the person is neglected only at serious risk. Jung has reminded us time and again how notoriously heedless of it are the ideals of modern Western man. These reflections are but a timely application of Jung's observation, to help us understand our truncated selves, and so recognize the twisted roots of violence. We Americans have only one official language: the language of projects, programs and task forces, of clearance and renovation. We need another language: that of enduring, of sharing, of living-with. We insist on measuring success by those efforts to alter the circumstances of our lives. We have little tolerance for enduring those yet more basic circumstances which cannot be altered, for acknowledging and expanding into our limitations.

Each of the men we have lost tried to speak in that other language—one more adeptly and naturally than the others, but each tried. They were bound to raise the ire of those dedicated whole-mindedly to the one language of self-assertion. For to suggest another language is to propose a new ideal; and living with others cancels out the buffer zone needed to assert myself. Besides, living-with is just attractive enough (whatever our stated ideals) that we resent mightily having to recognize that we have never learned how to do it. Realizations like that make our comfortable isolation decidedly uncomforting.

I am writing this at a monastery, and the glimmerings of a way out begin to dawn as I reflect on the civilizing effects of monasticism. Considering that, the fact that America has neither had nor taken the time to develop a thorough-going civilization appears more and more ominous. For nothing, it seems, can reach so effectively to those levels of a person which undercut his acquisitive and assertive self as the rituals of a culture, patterns which demand that one fit himself to them prior to any decision and every consideration of relevance. The monastic endeavor symbolizes the Church's civilizing influence, and a little reflection shows that civilizing and evangelizing are but inverse sides of the single coin of the Kingdom. For the Church's mission of preaching entails assisting each age to articulate in word and institutions the point where man opens out on God, where God is most accessible to man. That point lies more often than not in the soft underbelly of the contemporary myth. Hence the monasteries created islands of peace in regions of continual strife; the religious orders of the age of colonization and exploitation cared for the poor and educated the rude or underprivileged.

Religious communities today, in the soul-searching spirit of the times, are questioning whether their form of community life is relevant or not. However poor the performance has been, the fact remains that members of these communities—priests, brothers, sisters—have learned much about community. New ways of living their life among the people—urban, suburban and rural—ways where their experience of living-with could be made more accessible to society at large, could help us all learn the new language America needs to cope with a life more inescapably together. And, incidentally, such a move could show these priests, brothers and sisters what a civilizing force they can be.

Whatever the merits of this particular proposal, the violent events we carry in our hearts cry out for a new language to assimilate what message they bear. The language of sacrifice comes to our lips in the midst of shock. Its secular and lasting complement is the language of sharing, of enduring, of living-with. Where can we learn this tongue? I have suggested that the religious communities come to live among us might give some assist. But I suspect we all will have to learn the accent from the hitherto voiceless black world, and help give it voice ourselves.

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CHARLES EDWARD EATON

THE LEPIDOPTERIST

The lepidopterist in the muslin dress
Stands in thick leaves, caught in a sturdy net.
She does not know this, though the pressure is febrile.
She has been absolutely and forever located:
There is no need for anything so blatant as the sudden
  grasp.
But the reason she does not know this
Is the butterfly transfixed upon a bush.
It opens the forest for her, it leads
Her to believe she parts her power
As she moves. Those who took the butterfly
As symbol for the soul knew what they were about.
It never for a moment doubts the circumstance
In which it lives. Fluttering or immobile,
It tests the net or sucks its essence,
Waits for the huntress living down the years
To find it in some mended, pulsing part,
Align it, a possession that has strayed.
The brusque command goes out: Come home.
And indeed it comes not unwillingly in death.
The world seems much less static, even free,
Lustrously the forest folds into itself,
And the beautiful relaxed girl goes home,
Herself a winglike blur across the fields,
Armed with a perfect specimen to keep
From having to forever count on dreaming.

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THE ENCYCLICAL CRISIS

Contradiction can and must be a service of love for the Pope

BERNARD HÄRING

No papal teaching document has ever caused such an earthquake in the Church as the encyclical *Humanae Vitae*. Reactions around the world—in the Italian and American press, for example—are just as sharp as they were at the time of the *Syllabus of Errors* of Pius IX, perhaps even sharper. There is the difference, of course, that this time anti-Catholic feelings have been rarely expressed. The storm has broken over the heads of the curial advisors of the Pope and often of the Pope himself. The document is regarded as a great victory by those groups who opposed the Council from beginning to end. The conservative magazine *Triumph* is a typical example of the mentality of the far right: of priests who do not believe what the encyclical declares, it demands that they be honest and leave the Church since they are automatically schismatics if they do not accept the words of the Pope. The day after the encyclical appeared, a doctor in consultation said: "Your Church has lost two members; both of my Catholic colleagues here have declared that they are leaving the Church, since they find this whole mentality of the Pope unbelievable." The same day a priest came with the question whether he should not in honesty to his conscience give up his priestly ministry; he could not act in accordance with the encyclical. This traumatic experience, with the great danger of a mass departure from the Church, drove theologians to emphasize strongly the fallible character of the encyclical and to take a courageous stand.

If the Pope deserves admiration for the courage to follow his conscience and to do the most unpopular thing, all responsible men and women must show forth similar honesty and courage of conscience. I am convinced that the subjective and conscious motive of the Pope was love for the Church. Those who contradict him must do it also out of love for the whole Church, out of love for those whose faith is endangered. This also can and must be a service of love for the successor of St. Peter.

Monsignor Lambruschini, the Curia official appointed by the Vatican to explain the encyclical to the press, emphasized that it was not an infallible statement, and that the possibility of a revised statement, if new data appeared, could not be excluded. However, the tone of the encyclical seems to leave little hope that this will happen in Pope Paul's lifetime—little hope, that is, unless the reaction of the whole Church immediately makes him realize that he has chosen the wrong advisors and that the arguments which these men have recommended as highly suitable for modern thought are simply unacceptable.

Non-infallible but very authoritative statements of popes were in the past officially corrected only after a relatively long delay. Even when they were strongly criticized within the Church, this criticism became known only slowly. But the radical change which rapid communication has brought about in the modern world has created a totally new situation for authoritative Church statements, which are not infallible. The dialogue with the rest of the Church, which formerly took decades to unfold, takes place now in a matter of days or weeks. No significant theologian can write or express his opinion on an important issue without its being known almost the same day by anyone in the world with enough curiosity to learn about it.

In the past things were different. It took centuries before the extraordinarily dangerous "teaching" of the direct power of the pope over all temporal matters was rejected. It demanded courage for Friedrich von Spee finally to speak out openly and forcefully against the persecution, torture and burning of witches, a practice which had been recommended and doctrinally justified by a very authoritative encyclical of Innocent IV. For a long time the moralists did not dare to explain that the castration of the Vatican choir boys was immoral, since it had strong papal approval. The Council of Vienna explained in 1311 that theologians who tried in any way to justify usury were to be "imprisoned in iron chains" for the rest

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of their lives. And as late as the eighteenth-century, moral theology textbooks published in Italy had to print that warning. Pius IX's *Syllabus* lay undigested in the Church's stomach and in her relationship to the world until the Second Vatican Council's *Declaration on Religious Liberty* and *The Constitution on the Church in the Modern World*. The immorality of torture, which was justified for so many centuries by the popes, and practiced in their name, was condemned by a papal statement only after a long period of time. Pius XII declared unequivocally that it was against the natural law. The "Holy Inquisition" and "holy wars" could have been wiped out from the picture of the Church if the prophetic spirit and the courage to speak out openly with Christian freedom had been more highly valued in the Church. When the popes and their curial theologians so frequently and so emphatically defended temporal power and the Vatican States as a divinely commissioned right and a spiritual necessity, this critical Christian frankness should have been more in evidence. Not only those who denied the implications of "Thou art Peter," but precisely those who believe in the spiritual mission of the office of Peter must keep in mind the warning of the Lord against an earthly conception of the Messiah: "Away with you, Satan; you are a stumbling-block to me. You think as men think, not as God thinks", (Mt. 16:23).

In discussing *Humanae Vitae* and the developments of the last two years, the question, when all is said and done, is really, "When you have come to yourself, you must lend strength to your brothers" (Lk. 22:31). What is needed is an enlightened understanding of the spiritual office of the successor of St. Peter, as it appeared so remarkably in Pope John, against the most bitter opposition of that curial group which at the moment is triumphant, a group which, despite the era of internationalization in which we live, was powerfully strengthened at the last Consistory by the appointment of 12 Italian cardinals. What is needed is the liberation for this ecumenical era of the papacy in the direction in which Pope Paul VI himself has already made such giant strides. Call to mind the visit on two occasions of Paul to the Patriarch Athenagoras, before Paul ventured to invite him to a visit in Rome. That was a sensitive and delicate touch, a special sign of humility of Paul with the Patriarch.

What is needed now is for all men in the Church to speak out unequivocally and openly against these reactionary forces. This alone can prevent the reactionary forces from pushing the Pope in the opposite direction, back to that worldly narrowness exemplified in the *Syllabus* and the Church prohibition of Italians from voting in their own country which lasted from 1870 to 1929.

Despite this many will say: in this question it is not a matter of power; it is simply a matter of understanding Christian marriage. At first sight this may seem to be so, but if one looks more closely, it is clear that an outmoded understanding of curial power is the real issue, and, in conjunction with it, the issue of non-collegial exercise of the teaching office, and the inadequately explored issues of how the pope teaches.

Non-Collegiate Exercise of Authority

Whether or not this was his intention, Pope Paul contributed greatly to the rapid development of the birth-control issue. Among large groups in the Church, among lay people, theologians and bishops, and most of all among confessors, who suffered enormously under the old norms, Pope John had aroused fresh hope that the birth-control question would finally be thought out anew. The prospects did not seem good. The Holy Office unhesitatingly issued condemnatory warnings to those who spoke openly. We must have a precise picture of this aspect of the problem if we want to understand the historical developments which led to *Humanae Vitae*. The subcommission of the Council preparatory commission, which was to prepare a draft document on marriage, was completely dominated by the men of the Holy Office. When, through the insistence of certain persons, I was finally invited to the subcommission as a consultor, I received from officials on all levels of the Holy Office unequivocal instructions and warnings that I was to keep precisely within the framework of *Casti Connubii*. However, efforts to restrain freedom of speech were only partially successful.

If my judgment of the situation is correct—although I may be mistaken on this point—the reason Pope John set up a small commission of theologians for a leisurely study of this issue was in order to open up discussions; the membership of the preconciliar and, at the start, of the conciliar subcommission on marriage questions was dominated by the inflexible men of the Holy Office. At the insistence of leading men among the Council Fathers, Pope Paul enlarged the special independent commission which John had formed. When he announced the membership of that commission in June, 1964—it was still relatively unrepresentative—he asked for a kind of a moratorium on discussion in the Church until the Commission had made its statement. He immediately gave assurances that there was not much hope that the commission would change anything in what had been taught up to that time on the matter, and he was convinced that the commission would very quickly arrive at his conclusion. In the atmosphere of the Council the Pope's announcement occasioned a breakthrough of frankness and outspokenness in thinking and speaking.

The papal commission now stood at about 65 members; all the human probabilities, as far as the composition of the group permitted, were that the result of discussions would be a basic confirmation of *Casti Connubii*—possibly with significant changes in the pastoral approach. At the start, only about three or four of the theologians were in favor of a new theological approach; the rest

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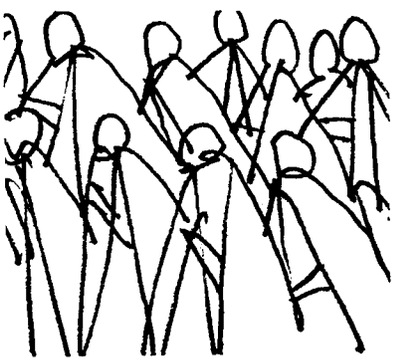
were known for their faithfulness to *Casti Connubii*. When one of these more conservative theologians was named to a significant post (Qualificator) in the Holy Office, I heard from several men of the Holy Office itself that this was recognition for his orthodox stand in the commission. However, developments in the Council, the absolute honesty of thought in the commission, and especially the presence of lay people, who were now assured that they could think and speak frankly, changed the situation, especially toward the end of the Council and right after it was over.

Even before the papal commission had come to its conclusions, the Pope, with the help of his special advisors had made his decision. Auxiliary Bishop Colombo (the Italians emphasize with a pun on his name that he is not Columba—the dove of the Holy Spirit) hinted mysteriously that the Pope would intervene at a given moment. Then in drastic fashion took place the events of the feast day of St. Catherine of Siena. The events are well-known; still it is good to refresh our memories. A strong two-thirds majority of the Council Fathers had already approved unconditionally the chapter on marriage in Schema 13 (the draft on the Church in the Modern World). The Council Commission had worked out the replies to the amendments proposed by the small minority who asked for changes to bring the Council draft into closer agreement with *Casti Connubii*. However, it was clear that the Council had moved in a direction different from *Casti Connubii*. At this moment Pope Paul VI sent in his amendments. They were clumsily formulated, which was understandable, considering the haste with which they were thrown together. They meant nothing less than a total reversal in the thrust of the document on methods of birth control. The Council, which had been forbidden to deal directly with the methods, or to give an answer to that problem was placed in an embarrassingly difficult situation. It was asked to confirm by its authority something which had been specifically removed from its authority.

It was a stormy session when the Commission of about 60 bishops, together with the theologians, had to face this issue. Cardinal Browne, who was clearly in on the plan, and Carlo Colombo said to the bishops that the Pope had spoken. There was nothing left to do but obey. The Commission nevertheless asked for a clarification of the question. They asked whether it was an order or a suggested amendment entailing the right to express a contrary opinion. Meanwhile Cardinal Ottaviani called the Commission together again, but excluded the theologians and lay persons who were members of the Commission. The question was to be dealt with now by bishops alone. But even this curial maneuver did not succeed in its objective. The bishops insisted on the presence of the theologians and lay people. Never in my life had I seen such an admirable stand taken by so large a group of bishops: reverence for the successor of Peter and absolute honesty and frankness prevailed. The Commission took the amendments into consideration but did not accept their substance. Cardinal Léger put a memorandum on the Pope's desk no less frank than the one sent by Cardinal Roy in the name of the lay people on the Commission. Cardinal Garrone and Archbishop Dearden of Detroit did their part. So the Pope yielded to collegial power and explained that he was prepared to present the text in untampered form to the Council for the final vote. It was clear that the Council would have ended with a resounding explosion if he had insisted on his amendments.

In June of 1966 the papal commission came to its well-known conclusions. Paul VI had taken a step toward collegial representation of the bishops. The final report was to be presented to a small commission of cardinals: on this commission again was a considerable number of men whose conservative attitude seemed beyond



doubt, along with men like Cardinals Suenens and Doepfner. The overwhelming majority of the commission of theologians and lay people and a sufficient majority of bishops commission approved the majority report, which argued that the choice of methods of birth regulation be left to the discretion of the married couple, within the guidelines given in the *Constitution on the Church in the Modern World*. In this Council document, married couples are asked to act in a manner commensurate with married unity and self-giving and with the preservation of a genuine atmosphere of married love, within which life might responsibly be handed on and the children properly reared. The biological norm, or, to put it in other words, the absolute sacredness of the biological rhythm was explicitly rejected. Biology is one part of man; but man should not be simply subject to and determined by biological functions any more than by psychological processes. Even less, in fact. An interference with psychological patterns can in some circumstances be a much more serious matter than biological interference. An example of this would be an overly fearful and anxious following of the rhythm method with all its fussy complications, especially at times when a new pregnancy simply has to be avoided.

The new papal encyclical does not really deal with the arguments of the commission, but simply states, "the conclusions at which the commission arrived could not be considered as definite. . . . above all because certain cri-

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teria of solutions had emerged which departed from the moral teaching on marriage proposed with constant firmness by the teaching authority of the Church" (N. 6) This seems to be saying: the commission did not come to the conclusion it had to in order to maintain human traditions in the teaching Church. The commission had to come to the conclusion that nothing in *Casti Connubii* or its mentality can be basically changed. Would it not have been the best solution to publish the report of both groups of the commission, the majority and the minority, and invite everyone to stay within the limits of both positions, without issuing any declarations of the official teaching authority?

Pope Paul said in his audience of July 31, 1968, that the struggle involved in making this decision had caused him no small suffering. We believe that completely. But everyone asks: why then did he exclude this decision from the agenda of the bishops' synod in the fall of 1967? Would not a collegial decision have had much greater weight than an emphatically non-collegial decision against the majority of a papal commission of bishops, theologians, sociologists, psychologists, marriage counselors, men and women? The World Congress for the Lay Apostolate, which surely gave strong representation to the more conservative and docile elements of the Catholic laity, spoke out along the lines of the majority report of the papal commission. A sharp papal warning and correction, and even sharper action from the Vatican followed with the speed of lightning. Were these voices the ". . . . noisy voices of public opinion" which Pope Paul spoke of in his audience of July 31 and against which he armed himself with stout Christian courage?

I do not know whether Pope Paul himself was personally aware that he was making a test-case for non-collegial exercise of his teaching authority. However, I have very strong reasons for believing that his curial advisors had precisely such a test case in mind.

Paul VI chose the timing for his creed in which he proclaimed the faith that Christ could not be present in the Eucharist unless the physical substance of bread were taken away and a place thus provided for His presence. He timed the creed so that it would set a particular tone for the WCC meeting in Uppsala. He did not express it in the same words, but it should not pass unnoticed how much importance he gave to the physical quality of the substance of bread and its separability from the qualities of bread. In his creed he went beyond what he said in the earlier encyclical on the Eucharist, *Mysterium Fidei* . . .

The proclamation of the doctrine of the absolute sacredness of biological laws in the marriage act came at the time of the 1968 Lambeth Conference. Furthermore, this circumstance was explicitly called to attention by Monsignor Lambruschini, the official spokesman of the pope, with an attack by him on the Anglicans. Pius XI directed *Casti Connubii* as a sharp and unmistakeable answer to the Lambeth Conference of 1930, which had for the first time approved by majority vote the responsible use of means to regulate births.

Patriarch Maximus IV had appealed to the Pope during the Council to make use of the knowledge and experience of Christians of other churches. The text of *Humanae Vitae* proves that the attitude of other churches had no positive influence on the making of this decision. I frequently heard from the man who worked on *Humanae Vitae* the argument that it was impossible the Anglicans could be right. That would dishonor the Catholic Church.

The encyclical *Humanae Vitae* explicitly reconfirms the main thesis of *Casti Connubii,* namely, that every use of marriage, each individual marriage act, must remain open for the possibility of procreation and that the two meanings of the conjugal act, the unitive meaning and the procreative meaning must remain *unconditionally* bound together in each act. Then it goes on to say, "We believe that the men of our day are particularly capable of seizing the deeply reasonable and human character of this fundamental principle." (N. 12).

This is simply a question of fact. Public opinion within the Church, and even more so outside the Church, is rather unanimous in its view that modern man, to put it mildly, has very special difficulties with this way of thinking. The truth of facts, whether they are pleasing or not, must be respected if we wish people to believe us. That is one characteristic of modern thought. It begins precisely with a search for the facts, so that it can then further develop its research.

Pope Paul VI did not seem very believable when two years ago, in a handwritten letter to the Benedictines, he ordered that Latin in the liturgy and gregorian chant be kept, with the argument that otherwise large masses of people would no longer pour into their churches for worship and they would not have as many vocations. The Benedictines in the U.S., at least, knew all too well that the facts were exactly the opposite. It is bad curial style to speak of a desire for something to be true as though it were actual fact. As they did time after time in the years before the Council, once again the old voices from the Vatican have made their opposition to empirical sociology plain for all to see. The encyclical *Humanae Vitae,* with this almost inconceivable error about factual truth, can be a permanent gain for the leadership of the Church if the conclusions which it forces on us are recognized.

When Reasons Fail

On the one hand the encyclical is quite optimistic about the force of the arguments it proposes and the information provided by the Pope's advisors, so that "The magisterium could give adequate reply to the expectation not only of the faithful, but also of world opinion." (N. 5). Nevertheless, when the Pope speaks to "his own children" and to his "sons, the priests," optimism about

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the force of the arguments diminishes somewhat. He asks for "loyal internal and external obedience to the teaching authority of the Church" and then adds: "That obedience, as you well know, obliges not only because of the reason adduced, but rather because of the light of the Holy Spirit, which is given in a particular way to the pastors of the Church in order that they may illustrate the truth" (N.28). There can be no doubt that our obedience of faith to the Church rests on the confidence that the Church enjoys the special assistance of the Holy Spirit in the explanation of the Gospel and the guidance of the Church. But it is not possible to make the Holy Spirit responsible for everything which in past centuries was loudly asserted in an authoritative tone by men of the Church. However, in *Humanae Vitae* the central argument is clearly and unambiguously a thesis of the natural moral law, and therefore a truth which is to be proven from human experiences and arguments of reason.

If the Holy Spirit gives a very special grace in the composition and promulgation of this document, then one may legitimately expect that this grace will manifest itself in the way the question itself is handled. That means in the solid presentation of proofs from human experience and with good arguments. In my opinion, that is not true in the present instance. Therefore, it is no insult at all to the Holy Spirit if we continue to express our doubts.

After the appeal to the Holy Spirit follows an exhortation that for the sake of peace in the Church "all should speak the same language" (N.28). This admonition is followed by the words of St. Paul (is this an accurate translation?) that there should be no differences of opinion among Christians.

Paul opposed Peter to his face and expressed this difference of opinion openly (Gal.2), when Peter had closed the doors to the spread of the Gospel, yielding in a moment of weakness to the pressure of the Jerusalem curia. The theologians and bishops who now raise their voices are not doing so out of *quarrelsomeness* but because if they do not, the credibility gap will be increased for the Catholic Church and many will find it impossible to belong to the Church because of the emphatic assertion of a constant human tradition in the Church. If, when all is said and done, the Pope abides unyieldingly to the conclusion of his encyclical, that in the Catholic Church only this one language of argumentation, mentality and commands may be spoken, then the voices of many men and women who love the Church must fall silent, and this one language will reach the ears of only a few, and not the ears of men with whom the future lies.

The argumentation of *Humanae Vitae* rests mainly on two points. The first is the constant teaching of the Church; the second is the absolute sacredness and inviolability of the biological functions in every use of marriage, so that every act must remain open for procreation, whether or not procreation can at this moment responsibly be undertaken.

Humanae Vitae differs from *Casti Connubii* by no longer making the effort to base the teaching of the Church in this matter on Genesis 38. It no longer tries to base its proof on Scripture. For every layman knows today that the intention of that text was to insist on the obligation to raise up children from the wife of one's dead brother, an obligation which is now forbidden by the Church. The text is not dealing with the absolute sacredness of the sperm.

So the only argument which remains is the fact that the Church has always taught this doctrine ("constant firmness by the teaching authority of the Church" N.6). In a chapter on tradition in one of my books I have attempted to show that the tradition is not so unequivocal as many think. Attention must also be given to the historical context in which the teaching was presented. But if the argument from tradition is to play so important a role, we must call to mind Jesus' struggle against the important role assigned to human traditions. "He also said to them, 'How well you set aside the commandment of God in order to maintain your tradition' " (Mk. 7,9). When the legalists asked the Lord "Why do your disciples break the old-established tradition?", Jesus answered "Why do you break God's commandment in the interest of your tradition?" (Mt. 15:24).

The encyclical must provide the opportunity for a better, more historically-oriented understanding of tradition and also of language. Think again of the insistence in Paul's creed that transsubstantiation is the most suitable word to express the real presence of Christ. This is to cling to words. Take as an illustration the English word "establishment". When I learned English, "establishment" was defined as "that which rests on a solid basis and therefore generates confidence." If someone in today's world wants to say that the Church rests on a solid basis and generates confidence by simply saying "The Church and the papacy is an 'establishment,' " then he has chosen the wrong word. Words must be understood in their context. Answers to the vital questions of a period are not magic formulas which can simply be "applied" over and over again.

The second argument is the biological understanding of the inviolable laws of nature. In the "hierarchy of values" (N.10), the biological seems to rate very high on the scale. The whole purpose of the act in its "metaphysical structure" is directed, so the argument goes, toward procreation and therefore every act must remain open to procreation, even in cases in which it would be absolutely meaningless and irresponsible to bring new life into being. "In relation to the biological processes, responsible parenthood means the knowledge and respect of their functions; human intellect discovers in the power of giving life biological laws which are a part of the human person" (N.10). I believe that biological functions are one part of man; but these biological functions are often upset; and the art of healing is possible only if man is a re-

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sponsible steward of these functions and can intervene. It has not been proven that the biological functions connected with the power of procreation are absolutely untouchable and sacred, especially since they are often upset and, even according to the teaching of the Church, measures to restore health may be undertaken. The biological functions must be subordinated to the good of the whole person and marriage itself. This is, if I am not mistaken, by far the most common opinion in the Church.

Pope Paul's adivsors hold to an absolutely biological understanding of the natural law. They have not even progressed from a very materialistic style of medicine to man-centered medicine, which views medicine not as the art of restoring biological functions, but of serving the whole person.

Pope Paul asserts that an intervention in the biological process necessarily destroys married love. This assertion has no more proof to back it up than the assertion of *Casti Connubii* that it is necessarily against the dignity of a woman for her to have some occupation outside the home.

Failure to Distinguish

The Second Vatican Council, following scientific developments in the field of moral theology, strongly developed the issue of responsible parenthood. There it is clear that birth control is evaluated quite differently in different circumstances. It is one thing if it is practiced as the result of a conscientious decision that new life cannot responsibly be brought into being here and now; it is quite another if it is a simple rejection of the parental vocation. Since Pope Paul makes the analysis of the act his starting point, this fundamental distinction does not appear. The evil seems to consist exclusively, or at least principally in the violation of sacred biological functions. The encyclical also fails to see that abortion is a much greater problem than the methods of birth control. In the encyclical, abortion is rejected only in passing; the Council put its principal emphasis on a condemnation of abortion. So the encyclical, from a pedagogical standpoint, is rather confusing.

Pope Paul's encyclical gives an extraordinarily great significance to the rhythm between fertile and infertile periods. "God has wisely disposed natural laws and rhythms of fecundity which, of themselves, cause a separation in the succession of births" (N.11). Practically the only method permitted for responsible birth control is periodic continence. "It is then licit to take into account the natural rhythms immanent in the generative functions, for the use of marriage in the infecund periods only" (N.16).

Father Lestapis, S.J., and Father Martelet, S.J., who are clearly among the superconsultors, have called the rhythm between the fertile and infertile periods "le mystère sexual," the sexual secret of mystery. When I asked, ironically, some years ago, "What happens when the sexual mystery is not functioning properly?," without noticing the irony, the scholar answered "Then only asceticism can help."

Here is the problem of the present teaching: women whose periods are regular, who can use all the necessary means, including the possibility of an undisturbed temperature reading and, if necessary, seven doctors at their disposal, can live in accordance with the teaching of the Church. What about the poor, the uneducated, when their periods are irregular, or when, because of their level of culture, they are simply incapable of understanding these methods? What happens if these methods not only fail biologically, but lead to severe psychological disturbances?

Over the years I have received at least 50 letters which present cases in which the unsuccessful use of rhythm has led to psychoses for these women and required treatment for them in mental institutions. Just a week before the encyclical appeared, an English doctor wrote me that the confessor of a woman for whom he had prescribed the pill had refused her absolution when she had been released from a half-year of treatment in a mental institution after a pregnancy psychosis. And the superioress of an American hospital told me that the chaplain refused absolution to a severely ill woman who had taken the progesteron pill for the most valid reasons. He refused because she was not prepared to promise that she would take no more after her convalescence.

The encyclical *Humanae Vitae* is so apodictic and absolute that no exceptions of any kind may be permitted for objective reasons. The appeal for merciful consideration for the sinner can only be interpreted, it seems, to mean that one can be gentle only when one opposes the evil, that is, when the poor sinner has promised to amend.

In former years, even in the papal commission, 1 Cor. 7:1-5 was often cited. (". . . The husband must give the wife what is due to her, and the wife must give the husband his due. . . . Do not deny yourselves to one another, except when you agree upon a temporary abstinence in order to devote yourselves to prayer . . ." It is the only biblical text that has the least connection with our problem. Paul warns energetically against a long period of continence, since it can turn out to the devil's advantage. This need not mean adultery. The devil has already gained a great deal if husband and wife are irritable and hostile. Psychologists and concrete research, whose results were presented to the Holy Father (from Mr. and Mrs. Crowley and others) show that by far the majority of couples who were questioned said that the practice of periodic continence over a long period had notably upset the harmony of married life. All psychologists say also that total abstinence from intercourse for a long period, especially when forced on one of the partners, can be very dangerous.

Relying on this psychological knowledge, and follow-

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ing Paul's line of thinking in 1 Cor. 7, the Council gave this warning: "Where the intimacy of married life is broken off, it is not rare for its faithfulness to be imperiled and its quality of fruitfulness ruined. For then the upbringing of the children and the courage to accept new ones are both endangered" (*Constitution on the Church in the Modern World,* N.51).

The failure of the encyclical to use either of these texts is indeed one of its gravest defects. Here an unavoidable question must be answered by the theologians: can the encyclical *Humanae Vitae* be reconciled with the teaching of Vatican II? This is a particularly acute question for the present writer. In January of 1967 I received, by word of mouth, a very precise warning from the Holy Office (Cardinal Parente) because of what I had said in an interview for *La Rocca,* an Italian Catholic magazine. The remark which was found objectionable was my statement that the awaited statement of the Pope would obviously have to be based on the criteria which had been worked out in the Council document on the *Church in the Modern World,* and could not be a simple return to *Casti Connubii.* I was instructed that this was theologically incorrect: the Pope was not bound by the Council document. Later, for my further instruction, and warning, I received two memoranda (*monita*) of Vatican theologians: one of them said that the two documents, *Casti Connubii* and the Council document (*The Church in the Modern World*) could not be set in opposition to each other; it was simply a matter of one complementing the other. The other memorandum (*monitum*) instructed me that the doctrine in this matter was to be drawn from the encyclical (*Casti Connubii*), and that the Council Constitution was only "pastoral." This remark disregarded Pope John XXIII's opening speech of the Council in which he said that the teaching office of the Church was in its entirety pastoral.

In my opinion it is harder to reconcile *Humanae Vitae* with the Council Constitution on *The Church in the Modern World* than to reconcile the *Declaration on Religious Freedom* with the *Syllabus* of Pius IX, or at least no less difficult. This assertion is based especially on the fact (1) that the question just mentioned from the Council Constitution and the text of 1 Cor. 7 are simply not taken seriously, (2) that the conception of natural law of the whole pastoral Constitution of the Council has simply not been incorporated into *Humanae Vitae,* and (3) that the criteria worked out in the Constitution for the acceptability of methods of birth control are not even mentioned and simply replaced by biological "laws."

Obligation to Obey

The question has been asked: does the encyclical bind all Catholics in conscience? The Pope seems to answer this question unambiguously. Nevertheless I believe that one must give the Pope credit for not abrogating or denying the general principles for forming a right conscience (*The Church in the Modern World,* N. 16). My answer along these lines is this:

1) those who can accept the encyclical with an honest conscience must do so, with all the consequences;

2) those who doubt whether they can, must study it thoroughly and also make use of further information in order to form a clear conscience;

3) those who, with an honest conscience, cannot accept the teaching and requirements of *Humanae Vitae,* must follow their honest conscience. When married couples, then, for good reasons and with a good conscience use methods of birth regulation which in their minds are the most suitable—abortion is obviously excluded—they need not mention it in confession;

4) Priests must instruct the faithful clearly about the Pope's teaching. However, I do not see how they can be denied the right to speak out their own opinion with equal honesty.

On one occasion in the presence of Auxiliary Bishop Colombo the suggestion was made (by him or by someone else who was present) that the Pope should simply forbid under pain of disobedience all methods except periodic or total abstinence, without giving any reasons, I answered vigorously, "That would be the best method to destroy the authority of the pope."

The pope did not follow that advice; he tried, with the help of his close associates, to give reasons. Some questions, of course, he simply did not put to himself, perhaps with the intention of doing it at a later date. But it is really remarkable that in the long time they had, his advisors found no better reasons than those presented in the encyclical. The conclusion was settled. They had to find the premises to back it up. May others be more successful. But it seems that the conclusion doesn't stand very solidly.

However, what is most important at this time is that the authority of the Church not be destroyed. What must be destroyed is everything which is an obstacle to the reunion of Christians and spiritual leadership. When this situation has arrived, the Church as a whole and especially the Holy Father must find ways out of this impasse. More than that, they must come to a style of authority that can move effectively, inspire confidence and belief. The general direction must be toward collegiality and internationalization. But in this question collegiality must also be a sharing in the whole experience of the laity, especially of married couples and married counselors.

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'Humanae Vitae'

AN ECUMENICAL BOON?

ROBERT McAFEE BROWN

With one stroke of the pen, Pope Paul has cut through and resolved the most vexing ecumenical problem of all: what is to be our understanding of the teaching authority of the pope in the "coming great church" of the future?

Until the release of *Humanae Vitae* with its unequivocal outlawing of artificial means of birth control, Protestants had been very much worried about how the teaching authority of the papal office could ever be accepted by Protestants. We had feared that if organic reunion with the Roman Catholic Church ever came to pass, we would be required to submit our individual judgments of conscience to the voice of authority emanating from Vatican City, and subordinate our personal convictions to whatever was definitively spoken by that voice. We were sure that our Catholic brethren would insist on this as a precondition of reunion, and that they, of course, were always prepared at the end of the day of free discussion to subordinate their own convictions and doubts, conforming them to the definitively expressed and universally acknowledged source of teaching authority, the Roman pontiff. We foresaw perhaps half a century of Faith and Order discussions between Catholics and Protestants wrestling with some way in which Catholic teaching and Protestant conviction might come at least a little closer to resolving this vexing problem.

And now, happily, all of that tedious maneuvering and soul-searching has been rendered unnecessary. Almost all of the residual Protestant fears about "papal authority" can be dispelled by the pope's recent action. For if we Protestants have not been able to submit our consciences to papal decrees in the past, it is now quite clear that we are not going to have to do so in the future either. For the Roman Catholic response to *Humanae Vitae* has demonstrated that Roman Catholics themselves are quite willing to disagree publicly with a papal encyclical that seems to them patently wrong. Faced by a conflict between a papal directive and a demand of conscience, huge numbers of Roman Catholics in all parts of the world have indicated that they will follow the demands of conscience and of informed reason even when such conclusions are in direct violation of papal teaching.

Papal teaching, as many Catholic commentators on the encyclical have been pointing out, can be one factor in the formation of the decision the individual Catholic makes, but it need not be the only factor, and it need not even be the decisive factor. Just as the Pope went through much anguish in reaching *his* decision, so Catholic couples themselves must make *their* decision by a careful evaluation of the facts, by conscientious reflection, by prayer, by examining the opinions of a variety of theologians, by reflecting on what the bishop of Rome thinks, by studying problems of population control and the psychology of marriage. Then, when these and other factors have been fully weighed, a responsible personal decision must be made. The decision may turn out to be contrary to what the pope decides, but since he does not speak infallibly on such matters, one can responsibly disagree with him and act contrary to his advice and counsel.

What more could a Protestant ask? What Protestant could not fully subscribe to this way of making decisions, even to this way of taking account of papal teaching? Surely we are willing to consider what the pope says as one item in terms of which we reach our own decisions. Does this not in fact solve for all of us, Catholics and Protestants alike, the vexing issue of the role of the magisterium of the Roman Catholic Church—a matter that has been as difficult for Roman Catholics in recent years as for us, since Roman Catholics existentially have had a great need to think through for themselves a new kind of understanding of papal teaching?

Humanae Vitae is thus inadvertently the greatest gift to the ecumenical scene since the election of Pope John back in 1959. For its reception shows conclusively that traditional views of papal authority simply cannot be taken seriously any more, and that Catholics feel no greater sense of being bound to unquestionable doctrine than do Protestants.

Anything less unequivocal than *Humanae Vitae* would have failed to produce such an unlooked for result. Consider the alternatives:

(a) A statement leaving the matter of artificial means of birth control up to individual couples would have been eminently credible, and the teaching authority of the papal office would have been buttressed rather than diminished by such a statement. Result: all the ecumenical hangups about papacy would have remained as before.

(b) A statement advocating a "change" in teaching—indicating, for example, that a new demographic situation and a new understanding of the place of sex in mar-

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riage meant that *Casti Connubii* was now outmoded—would also have been eminently credible. Indeed, it would have been such a creative breakthrough that many of us would have been forced to develop a new theology about an authoritative teaching office focussed in one man as a viable pattern for the ecclesiastical future, and the resultant groanings and travail within Protestantism would have been divisive to the uttermost.

(c) Fortunately, however, for the future of ecumenism, the pope produced an encyclical that simply cannot be described as credible, let alone "eminently credible." It is so totally out of touch with the modern world, so completely oblivious to the breakthroughs prepared for by Vatican II, so utterly lacking in comprehension of the psychology of marriage, and so rigid and reactionary in its theological understanding of all of these matters, that it is impossible to take it seriously as a definitive statement of Catholic teaching, or as one that reflects the kinds of claims that have traditionally been associated with the solemn teaching authority of the papal office. In the future, therefore, while we will listen to what the pope says on a variety of topics, none of us will do so with an expectancy that something is to be said that is so overpowering in its authoritative claim upon us that we must be prepared to submit to it, to suspend our critical faculties in assessing it, or to remain silent if we disagree with it. Conservatives argue that the authority of the papacy would have been "compromised" if there had been a change in Catholic teaching about birth control. How much more dramatically has it been "compromised" by this refusal to change.

The resultant place of the papacy in the "coming great church"? Surely it will be "there," and it will not wither away, at least not for a long time. But it will be "there" more as a symbol of what once was a great power in determining the affairs of the church, rather than as the supremely effective power in directing the church in the future. It will be accorded the kind of veneration we extend to other offices and practices that once compelled men but do so no more. I imagine that it will formally be true that the pope will continue to speak in ways that presume to bind the consciences of his followers, and that he could, if he chose, make an infallible pronouncement in the future, but we will all know that his utterances will not, in fact, bind the consciences of his followers if they go so contrary to consciences carefully formed before he spoke (and in part so formed because he failed to speak), and that he will not, even if he might personally desire to do so, attempt in the future to speak infallibly. It may be awhile before the College of Bishops is all that it should be, but its future as the effective functioning form of the church was ensured on the day that *Humanae Vitae* was signed. And even though the bishop of Rome may remain the supreme pontiff, he will *de facto,* I believe, gradually become *primus inter pares* with his fellow bishops.

* * *

The preceding analysis is not nearly so tongue-in-cheek as it might appear. I really believe that the reception accorded *Humanae Vitae* in the Catholic community has signalled the most dramatic change of direction in the Catholic Church at least since Vatican I, and possibly since Trent. Although the pope indicated in his text, rather cautiously, that not all people would receive his decision with joy, I find it hard to believe that he correctly anticipated the magnitude of the worldwide storm of protest the encyclical has unleashed. And I further believe that this particular storm of protest has a definitive character to it. It signals a new day in the understanding of the papacy—a day when hundreds of Catholic theologians, and certainly millions of lay people, have decided in a more public way than ever before, that they cannot follow the teaching authority of one whom in the past they have always claimed as a teaching authority.

In my years of ecumenical bird-watching, I have always been impressed with the resiliency of Catholic individuals in the face of ecclesiastical disappointment. Again and again at the Vatican Council, for example, setbacks that first plunged individuals into utter gloom could be reinterpreted in a matter of days or even hours into modest triumphs. "It's really better that it happened this way," would be the beginning of the new appraisal. I recall French theologians' doing the same thing after *Humani Generis* was issued to clip their wings back in 1950. "Its strictures are so mild that we interpret it as a sign to go ahead."

At the Council I found this procedure initially impressive, then rather amusing in its predictability, and finally discovered that I was joining in the game myself. I am not going to engage in the presumptuous task of trying to unravel the motivations of the present pope, but I will not be surprised when sooner or later a Catholic commentator on the encyclical endeavors to show that from the very beginning it was Pope Paul's intention to act in such a way that the church's teaching would in fact be liberalized and yet no scandal would be given to the faithful.

AN APPEAL: This October, the Addie Mae Collins Library and Center of Learning begins its second year. We are trying to build a place of hope, revolution, black presence and imagination in the midst of the black community. We get no government or city aid, but for my salary (about $70 a week) and our rent and telephone, both paid by O.E.O. About 15 workers, all black, manage the storefront. About 70 children and 50 adults are all paid. This summer we had to beg $700 a week. This fall we must beg at least $600. On Sept. 9, our school for the smallest children begins. We need tables, low chairs, toys (tough, wooden toys), crayons, paper, cups and food. (We have a community feast each day at noon.) We are tax deductible. Checks to: Addie Mae Collins Library Fund, 2067 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. % Ned O'Gorman. Director.

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BREATH SHORTAGE

THE STAGE

A variety of *contretemps* kept me from seeing *Plaza Suite* until now. But I knew that a good thing is worth waiting for, and a bad one can wait, and that a Neil Simon show, whether good or bad, will be maintained in style by the Broadway audience, like the hardtop convertible or the mink coat.

Plaza Suite consists of three one-act plays: one grim with funny over- and undertones, about a marriage of long standing that now stands to collapse; another, a supposed character comedy, about a famous Hollywood producer returning to New York to make his high school sweetheart, now a star-struck housewife; a third, knockabout farce, about a desperate father and mother trying to prod their daughter out of the bathroom she has locked herself into on her wedding day. What unites the three playlets is that they all take place in the same suite at the Plaza, and if that hotel actually had enough character (in reality, or at least in these plays) to provide a *genius loci,* the gimmick would be worth the effort. But there is little genius here, *loci* or otherwise.

The characters in the first play are so old-hat that if they *were* a hotel, instead of *in* one, they would have long since been torn down. The businessman who is barely aware of his wife's existence any more, except to be irritated by her good-natured bumbling; the amiable, somewhat slovenly, forlorn wife still clinging to her lovely sense of humor; the discovery that the husband is carrying on with the equally efficient but also young and pretty secretary—it is all so archetypal, it hurts. But, in this play, Neil Simon has a little more than a collection of gags: characters that are just real enough, and, in their tragicomic tergiversations, modestly touching. George C. Scott and Maureen Stapleton are highly adept in their parts, though one wishes Scott wouldn't occasionally give one the creeps with his ice-blue stare that looks like fish eyes suffering from frostbite, and that Miss Stapleton would not carry frumpishness beyond the recall of beauty, even of a minimal sort.

The second play is brazen hokum. There is no reason for a Hollywood hotshot, however jaded and sated with the flesh of starlets, to develop a sudden craving for a *faisandé,* if not actually moldy, high school chum—especially since he is allowing only an hour for her seduction and has clearly no interest in her basic humanity, which alone could explain so bizarre a hankering. This nonsensical situation is covered with gags applied with a spray gun; some of it is funny, much of it vulgar, and all of it preposterous. Mike Nichols' generally cunning direction here tends to be merely coarse, with Scott's hand almost continually voyaging toward Miss Stapleton's crotch, sometimes by the overland route, sometimes even underskirt.

The third item, though it hurtles here and there into crackerjack farce, particularly in the sight gags, left me strangely hungry. Why, I wondered, do I find a farce by Feydeau and especially Courteline so much more diverting? I think it has to do with the fact that Simon's characters are less characters than attitudes; that a society and its ethical and political values are less discernible behind the shenanigans; that we are not treated to a rich dose of human eccentricity, which, by its very frenzy, verges on the absolute; that there is, in sum, not enough texture and humanity to these cleverly wriggling and wrangling arabesques. The Scott-Stapleton tandem works very well here, and Simon and Nichols, too, are pedaling away in blissful unison. Only the climax, which is supposed to be a wry comment on the generation gap, strikes me as a little too simple even for this simplistic world. *(At the Plymouth)*

Farce of a different, more affectionately human sort is offered us in Brian Friel's *Lovers,* a diptych of one-act genre sketches from Ireland. In the first panel, a couple of 17-year-olds who drown in a lake three weeks before their wedding day are seen as "Winners"; in the second, a middle-aged couple who court and marry only to be dominated, divided, and defeated by a bigoted, hypochondriacal, and smoothly egotistical mother-in-law are perceived as "Losers." In "Winners," a rambunctious country idyll is enacted in counterpoint with an ineluctable narration from the sidelines, which announces death and oblivion by the world. Of the tension between action and narration, between eternal present and evanescent future, a powerful stage image rises before us—though the dialogue, for all its genuineness and warmth, tends to remain trivial. In "Losers," rich in meaty Hibernian characters doused with that special sauce of hilarity tasting somewhere between sour-sweet and bitter, triviality is not skirted for a moment.

Except for the rather too American Art Carney, the principals were imported from Dublin's Gate Theatre; they are pliant and pungent performers, and their brogues jig merrily on our eardrums. Specially fine are the red-golden Fionnuala Flanagan in "Winners," and the black-blazing Anna Manahan in "Losers." Hilton Edwards' staging is a shrewd blend of restraint and intense suggestion. But in these plays, despite their mellow, sensuous humanity, the dialogue falls short both of poetry and ultimate wit. *(At the Vivian Beaumont)*

What is particularly interesting about *Plaza Suite* and *Lovers* taken in conjunction is that both are part of a trend toward shorter and shorter plays; dramatists seem to be progressively less able to write a full-length work. Not enough flesh to cover the bones; not enough mind to keep the mouths busy transmitting it; not enough style to keep our attention from becoming a recessive organ.

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In none of these five playlets is there a character with whom we would want to live for three acts; yet, I suspect, the good one-act play must have people in it we simply hate to let go on so intense but short a contact.

JOHN SIMON

MAKING THE SUMMER

THE SCREEN

Perhaps I was too impatient in my last column in being so discouraged about the way movies continue to portray Negroes. Now to dispel my discouragement comes a film in which the Negro characters are real people—good, bad, right, wrong, like any other people, white, red, yellow, regardless of color or race. Of course, one swallow (or movie) does not a summer make. But what a beautiful swallow is "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter" and what a fine movie, one that makes this summer all right after some of the drivel we've been seeing. Admirers of this first Carson McCullers novel may object to some of the changes made in the film version of her story, but they cannot object to the movie itself as a movie.

"The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter" has a great deal to say and show about suffering, loneliness, lack of communication—but it's not a gloomy film; it also has a great deal to say about love and compassion. And Thomas C. Ryan, who wrote the good screenplay, gave its ending a note of hope instead of Mrs. McCullers' downbeat finale. Thomas Ryan, with Marc Merson, also gave the picture its fine production, including James Wong Howe's lovely color photography (shot in Selma, Alabama) and a first-rate cast who are excellent right down the line, thanks to Robert Ellis Miller's direction.

Alan Arkin has never been better than he is as the lonely deaf mute, John Singer, whose great understanding and sympathy toward people bring them a sense of calm and peace in spite of their woes. Arkin's eyes, set in the dead-pan face of a man who can't hear or talk, light up in discernment as he grasps townsfolks' problems and succeeds in lessening them. Arkin is perfect in scene after scene: in portraying Singer's affection for his best friend, a gross, childish deaf mute played by Chuck McCann, or in Singer's efforts to straighten out the alcoholic Blount, who cannot face himself and reality, or in Singer's regard for the cold, intellectual Negro doctor who professes to hate all whites.

It is in these Negro episodes that the film is particularly effective. At first this anti-whites doctor (expertly played by Percy Rodriguez) will have nothing to do with Singer, but as time passes they become friends, especially after Singer helps the doctor in "talking" and interpreting for a Negro deaf-mute patient. The doctor is really loaded with problems. He's annoyed with his daughter (attractive Cicely Tyson), who married a field hand "very much beneath her." She tells her father off in no uncertain terms: "All I know is: I was growing up and wasn't white, and you wouldn't let me be black." Then she comes to hate her father because he wouldn't perjure himself to save his son-in-law from a prison sentence during which the young fellow loses a leg. How Singer unites this family is a touch contrived but it is another achievement in the story of a deaf mute whose heart hears and speaks.

Singer's greatest conquest is probably with the adolescent daughter of the impoverished couple in whose house he rooms. A Southern girl, Sondra Locke in her first screen role, portrays the tomboyish, sensitive teenager who keeps hungering for better things than life is dealing up for her; and if the role is a bit difficult for Miss Locke, the fault is most likely due to her lack of experience. (I kept thinking of Julie Harris' moving portrait in a similar part as Frankie in "The Member of the Wedding.") But Singer does help Mick over some rough spots; and the friendship that develops between them is all the more touching because she is in no mood to extend a friendly hand later when Singer needs sympathy.

"The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter" is an episodic film, but the episodes all contribute to the whole, and while much of it is on the sad side, the movie also has warm and humorous touches. Any picture with so many good performances deserves a special hand. Mention should also be made of Biff McGuire and Laurinda Barrett as Mick's down-on-luck parents, of Wayne Smith as the young man who introduces Mick to sex in a remarkably restrained scene, and especially of Stacy Keach, as the hard-drinking Blount, in his first film—and it's about time movie makers discovered this Keach, who was splendid as Coriolanus at Yale this spring and delighted audiences as Falstaff during the summer at the New York Shakespeare Festival. But if this big-hearted, well-named picture belongs to anyone, it is to Alan Arkin as John Singer, whose heart is indeed a lonely hunter.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

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AN ART OF TEXTURE

RECORDS

In the early '30s the Budapest Quartet did in string quartet performance what Toscanini had done in orchestral performance. In the first place, it set new high standards not only of technical virtuosity, tonal beauty and ensemble operation, but of musical understanding and taste. And its performances of the quartet literature established themselves as the definitive ones by which others were measured and in most instances found inadequate. In the late '40 and early '50s the short-lived New Music Quartet carried these performances to an even higher point of tonal, musical and ensemble incandescence; but unfortunately they were not recorded—the more unfortunately since the Budapest Quartet's playing was deteriorating, and eventually reached the point of making the Budapest's final recorded versions of Beethoven's quartets and other works musically unsatisfying and unpleasant to listen to. But with the advent of the Guarneri Quartet three years ago we heard again playing of the technical and musical quality of the Budapest's in its prime and of the New Music Quartet's; and we now get performances as fine as theirs of Beethoven's middle quartets—Op. 59 Nos. 1, 2 and 3, Op. 74 and Op. 95—in the ones the Guarneri has recorded for RCA Victor. Having said this, I must add my regret over the first violin's unsuitable arch hesitations in the second movement of Op. 59 No. 3 (e.g. bars 42 and 49), and over the excessively fast tempo that makes it impossible to hear and grasp the phraseology of the fugal finale of this work. For once, the stereo recorded sound is even better than the mono.

String quartet writing is an art of texture; and no one ever equalled Mozart in the use of the medium that produced the ear-ravishing textures of his quartets and quintets. In the latter the additional viola—which increases the sonority and the richness of texture and darkens the over-all color—contributes to the expressive power of the great K.515 and 516, the slow movement of K.593, the opening movement and Andante of K.406; but their expressive range encompasses also the delightful high spirits of K.614. The playing of the Heutling Quartet and Graf on the Seraphim stereo records is agreeable in sound but perfunctory; and I suggest looking for the earlier performances of the Budapest Quartet and Trampler on the recently discontinued M3L-239, which are superior to their later ones on stereo records.

Beecham's postwar performances of Mozart's last six symphonies with the Royal Philharmonic on Seraphim stereo records have occasional enlivened playing, but much of the time are either perfunctory or finicky.

Among the works that contradict the persistent view of Schubert as a lyricist who fails in his attempts at large-scale content and construction is the Piano Sonata Op. 78, whose extraordinary opening movement offers an expansively meditative exposition which doesn't prepare one for the power and tension of its development. The subsequent movements are a lovely Andante, a minuet with an exquisite trio, a charming and occasionally witty finale. The superb work is performed very well by Anton Quertil on a Monitor stereo record which has also the less interesting *Wanderer Fantasy*.

Chopin's 4 Scherzos, Barcarolle and Prelude Op. 45 are performed excellently by Ashkenazy on a London stereo record. But of Chopin's 24 Etudes, Vasary performs the ones in fast tempo as mere exhibitions of technical brilliance without giving them interest as pieces of music, as Ashkenazy does; and his performances of the ones in slow tempo are mannered and sentimental. Wait for Ashkenazy to record them.

The great violinist-musician of the '30s and '40s, Joseph Szigeti, is not well served by the issuing on Vanguard records of the performances of Mozart's sonatas he recorded when he could no longer produce agreeable sounds with his instrument. But imported Odeon HQM-1127 has several performances he recorded in his prime—of Bach's fine Concerto in D minor for two violins, with the famous Carl Flesch as the impressive assisting soloist; the engaging Tartini Concerto in D minor; an arrangement of the dull slow movement of Bach's Clavier Concerto in F minor; and a more pretentious work that I like no better, Brahms's Sonata Op. 108, with the pianist Egon Petri.

Those who love Dowland's music will find the seven *Lachrimae* and other dances performed well by Eugene Muller-Dombois and a quintet of viols from the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis on a Victrola record.

The abridged version of Bellini's *Norma* on London stereo records features the young soprano Elena Suliotis, whose voice has a steadiness and power which made her singing of the bold declamation and bravura florid writing in Verdi's *Nabucco* very impressive, and makes her singing of the more declamatory writing in *Norma* effective, but hasn't the sensuous beauty required by the sustained melody of "*Casta diva*," and who lacks the musical feeling for phrasing of this melody that is also required. Add to this the unattractive tenor voice of Del Monaco, and there are two major reasons for avoiding this performance. The one to acquire is not the one on Victor records with Joan Sutherland—i.e. with the little moans and explosions of tone that are her way of singing melody—nor the one on Angel records with Callas' later wobbly and shrill singing, but the one on imported Odeon QCX-10088/90 with the secure and beautiful and affecting singing of her early years.

A Victrola mono record has the re-edited recording of one of Toscanini's most overwhelming performances—that of *Siegfried's Death and Funeral Music*, which lit-

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erally overwhelms one with the tension and power he achieves with his shaping of it. Each crescendo rises to a climactic statement to which Toscanini gives powerful tension with his distention of it in time; then, as the climax subsides, he releases the tension by releasing the tempo and letting it pick up; and it is the tension created by this distention at the final climactic point and then its release, that leaves one overwhelmed. (Increase bass; reduce treble.) The reverse side has Toscanini's 1941 broadcast of the last scene of Act 1 of *Die Walküre*, in which the singing of Melchior and Traubel is undistinguished and reproduced with high-frequency distortion, but the orchestral context—with its clarity of texture, its sensitive, enlivening phrasing, its unfailing continuity and coherence, and its unfailing relation to the singing—is an unending marvel. (Reduce treble.)

B.H. HAGGIN

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ARNOLD KENSETH

BY THE WATERS

The man is Jacob, and the time
Almost evening. The air is green

With the sun falling, now seen
On fire, now gone, and the dark

Comes on, comes down, covering
The beasts of burden shivering

By the black brook, their brass bells
Shaking melody, casting spells,

Solitudes, sighs. Jacob counts
Two wives, servants, children, tents.

By the waters they lay down.
Each wife paints a silken dream.

The cattle chew at the night.
The tents billow and wait.

The blue whirlwinds arise.
Yahweh prowls on the sands.

Jacob feels through the air
The thick holy hands

Molding him, the gold breath
Breathing him, and all ablaze

The world of near and far
Unshadowing his death.

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BOOKS

Michael Novak and Christopher Derrick: a study in contrasts

A Time to Build
MICHAEL NOVAK
Macmillan, $8.95

Trimming the Ark
CHRISTOPHER DERRICK
Kenedy, $4.95

MARY DALY

Michael Novak's *A Time to Build* is insightful, relevant and enhanced by a free and easy style. It treats a wide spectrum of topics, ranging from atheism to the problem of chastity, from Bonhoeffer to the new nuns. There is, however, an underlying unity, which is suggested by the title. We have grown used to the barrage of books and articles describing the signs and effects of shattering change in the church and in society at large. Such descriptive writing is important, but it often leaves the reader with a sense of helplessness and bewilderment, of being more driven than driving. The haunting question recurs: Are we able to assume responsibility for the future, or is this a delusion? Novak's response is a call to take responsibility. The thrust of his thought is toward the task of construction, analyzing the values in our culture with an eye to selecting the building blocks for a better society.

It struck me that one of the reasons for Novak's realism, for his repeatedly demonstrated ability to hit home with an idea is his many personal contacts with young people, university students in particular. As anyone who shares this experience can testify, there is nothing more effective for dispelling the myths and hang-ups which befog the vision of the over-thirty generation. An example will illustrate the point: In the chapter on Paul Tillich Novak observes that it has become fashionable among theologians to disdain the work of Tillich in favor of the "religionless Christianity" of Dietrich Bonhoeffer. The irony of this situation is cause for astonishment: Of the two thinkers, Tillich clearly was far more concerned with art and technology, with social revolution and secular culture, whereas Bonhoeffer was much closer to neo-orthodoxy.

Fortunately, Novak perceives this irony, remarking that as a teacher he has noted that *The Courage to Be* speaks more directly and more powerfully to the secular experience of most of the students, especially those who no longer believe in God, than does *Letters and Papers from Prison*. Novak has caught the wave length of the college generation here as in many other instances, and together with this he has caught the realism of their approach to things—a realism which sees through the styles and games of academic theologians in its earnest search for meaning.

The importance of such efforts as those of Michael Novak is underlined by the appearance of such a conservative book as Christopher Derrick's *Trimming the Ark*. Mr. Derrick begins on a rather interesting note and has some worthwhile things to say about the cult of change in the first section. He warns against "obsessive contemporaneity" and this point is well taken. He is justified in challenging the modern tendency to identify too easily the happening or emerging thing with "the good" and the selective focusing which often bolsters such unquestioning identification. He rightly reminds us of the transcendent character of Christian hope, which is too easily dismissed by the secularizing theologians.

After this useful introductory section, the book deteriorates into a defense of religious conservatism which fails to address itself to live issues. The basic weakness in Mr. Derrick's approach is suggested by the metaphor he uses to entitle his book. For the sake of readers like me who never joined the navy, it might be well to explain that "trimming the ark" (the ship of Peter) means to strive for balance by arranging the cargo so that the boat cannot capsize easily. And this means that the trend of the times "must always be questioned, counterbalanced, even resisted and opposed." The supposition behind this is that every generation has a "one-sided" view of things. Behind this supposition, the meaning of which is not entirely clear, is a static conception of human nature and of God. At any rate, for Derrick, "balance" in our age of the cult of change demands a clarion call to religious conservatism.

Recognizing that most mature, educated Catholics are opposed to his views, Derrick staunchly defends his lost cause. Admittedly, it takes a certain amount of guts to do this, but one wonders whom he is addressing. One gets the feeling of reading a book which was written several years ago, perhaps because of its treatment of such issues as the Latin versus the vernacular Mass, as if this were of burning interest.

Mr. Derrick envisions a possible future in which there will be two options for Catholics—"a much smaller Catholic Church containing the pope of the day, embattled and run strictly" and a much larger schismatic body "destined to disappear before long into a vague pan-Protestant fog." This is indeed a dismal picture, and the reason for the sense of hopelessness is manifested in Derrick's concept of faith and revelation: "In science, in the arts, in public affairs we have a free hand. . . . It is not so, however, with our religion, which is primarily a datum, a thing given, the faith once delivered to the saints."

Given this static and supranaturalist idea of revelation, the dreariness of Derrick's views follow logically. The unreality of his views on morality is ap-

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parent in the claim that Catholics who plead for accommodation in the matter of birth control (are many still "pleading"?) are seldom those who oppose modern war. No statistics are offered in support of this quaint observation. The message seems to be that the principles of traditional moral theology (*philosophia perennis*) provide the adequate tool for coping with the problems of modern warfare. As for clerical celibacy: The priest has "forfeited his normality, he has by his own consent been branded, marked, made separate; let him not act otherwise."

So back to Michael Novak and the world we live in. One common criticism of Mr. Novak's book is that essays contained therein have appeared elsewhere. This is true, but they are in such scattered places—a variety of journals and collections—that it is difficult to track them down. It is worthwhile to have them collected in one volume and this alone justifies the existence of Mr. Novak's book.

More than this, it is good to see the unity in variety which characterizes his thought. Here we encounter a thinker who doesn't make a cult of change but accepts it and subjects it to analysis. Admittedly he is optimistic, but no one—certainly not Mr. Derrick—has demonstrated that "the happening, the emerging thing" is *not*, in the ultimate analysis, identifiable with the good. In fact, very much a part of the tradition which Derrick wants to preserve is the belief that all things work together unto good. Teilhard de Chardin's observation that what is best always happens is not untraditional.

Mr. Novak's book has the merit of offering fruitful suggestions for directing our participation in the becoming of humanity, for our partaking in God's ongoing revelation of Himself. After an unbalancing trip in Mr. Derrick's neatly trimmed ark, a jump into Michael Novak's book is like a refreshing swim—a few cold waves slap you in the face and bring back the sensation of moving in the real world.

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

REVIEWERS

MARY DALY is a professor of theology at Boston College. She is the author of the recently published *The Church and the Second Sex* (Harper and Row).

ALFRED APPEL, JR. is a member of the faculty at Northwestern University. He is preparing a critical study of Nabokov for New Directions and recently completed an annotated edition of *Lolita*.

CHARLES HORMAN is a free-lance writer and film-maker.

King, Queen, Knave

McGraw-Hill, $5.95

VLADIMIR NABOKOV

ALFRED APPEL, JR.

Vladimir Nabokov, the greatest American writer now living in Switzerland, as well as the greatest living American writer, has finally Englished his second novel, *King, Queen, Knave* (1928), written in Russian when he was 28. Although Nabokov has dismissed as "juvenilia" his writings prior to 1929, this resurrected novel, the earliest yet translated, turns out to be a major work. It is one of the most brilliantly visual modern novels, and that rare achievement, a totally *created* work of the imagination. Had it been available earlier, it could have served to introduce, as happily as any critical commentary, Nabokov's themes and artistic means.

The setting of *King, Queen, Knave* is Berlin in the 1920's. The cast is German. As with so many of Nabokov's novels, the tale is simple but the telling is everything, and like *Laughter in the Dark* (1932), it is a "love story" that parodies love stories. An unattractive, ineffectual, and hopelessly near-sighted young provincial named Franz comes to the city, where he is hired as a salesman by his well-to-do uncle, Kurt Dreyer, who owns "Dandy," an opulent men's clothing and sporting goods emporium.

Martha Dreyer (*drei*=three), bored, coldly forbidding, and 20 years her husband's junior, soon enlists Franz as her lover, and the machinations of their inane affair wittily upend the classic triangle; it is as though Emma Bovary and her dashing Rodolphe had been caught in a succession of fun-house mirrors. A dehumanizing force, the "Queen" slowly draws the hapless "Knave" into a plan to murder the suave and supercilious "King," who remains oblivious to their hand. Grimly comic are their recondite researches into the various methods of murder. They finally settle on a woefully unimaginative solution: death by drowning, the victim to be pitched from a boat. But when Dreyer tells them that he is about to complete a very lucrative business transaction, they return to shore. Landlubbing Martha has meantime contracted a chill, which develops into pneumonia, and she dies.

Although the swift denouement is completely unexpected, Martha's death seems anti-climactic, and purposely so, for she has been morally dead all along, and, like a spent machine, she expires rather than dies—an imperfect robot. The business deal which saves Dreyer's life in fact concerns the production and possible merchandising of automated store mannequins. Throughout the novel Dreyer negotiates mysteriously with their nameless Inventor (he is personified), who does not exhibit samples of his automatons until almost the end; in essence, however, they have been present all along.

Immediately after the Dreyers' sleek car has had an accident, killing their chauffeur, Martha coyly tells Franz, "I'm closed for repairs." When the Inventor produces the female robot of the species, it doesn't work properly, which is poetic justice, since his art, such as it is, is late in imitating life. Alienated from organic creativity, morbidly fearful of childbirth (her contraceptive implementa are an obscene presence), Martha is finally both destructive and self-annihilating—like so many of the monstrous automata of medieval legend, nineteenth century Gothicism, and modern science fiction. *King, Queen, Knave* is as moral as it is austere.

The unloving, trivial, and purposeless existences of these bourgeois characters have reduced them to thinghood, to translucent playing card figures

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(though Dreyer has another dimension). Living as it were on the outside of themselves (Martha "felt that her soul was temporarily circumscribed and contained by the emerald texture of that cool frock"), theirs is a stylized, somnambulistic world of objects in which the animate and inanimate share each other's properties in startling and chilling ways. The novel's labyrinth of mirrors, *déjà vu* effects, dazzling surfaces, and mannered geometric forms may suggest that *Madame Bovary* has been rewritten by Robbe-Grillet, and some critics have indeed found *King, Queen, Knave* to be a precursor of the *nouveau-roman*, a misleading analogy that may not serve as a recommendation to those readers who at best find the "new novel" to be brilliant in conception but boring in execution.

The interior monologues of *King, Queen, Knave* are the antithesis of the new novel's intentions, and although early in the novel Franz wonders, "Is this reality, *the* final reality, or just a new deceptive dream," Nabokov does not drop the reader into an ontological abyss. Nabokov has called himself "half-painter, half-naturalist," and the optics of *King, Queen, Knave*, its acute visual apprehension of objects, should recall the magical still-lifes and detailed interiors of Netherlandish paintings, created half a millenium ago, and invoked in several Nabokov books, rather than the designs of the latest French literary *couture*.

The viewer of *King, Queen, Knave* is afforded pleasures seldom provided by novels. The iridescent white of silks, skin, decor, halls, and houses combine with the lustrous black of asphalt, cars, top hats, and gowns to form an elaborate figuration. Minor characters are even named "Weiss" and "Schwarz." While this *figura* may well provide a phenomenological record of the "parquet pattern" of the characters' lives, it is primarily an assertion and affirmation of the reality of art and language, and a patent authorial contrivance. Franz's aged landlord, who in secret is "a famed illusionist and conjurer," knows "perfectly well that there was no Franz . . . that he had created Franz with a few deft dabs of his fancy," and by showing his hand on virtually every page of *King, Queen, Knave*, Nabokov asserts the artifice of fiction.

Because he has always known that the most "objective" narrative conventions cannot deny the author's unconscious involvement with his fiction, Nabokov has consciously made this involvement one of the main themes of his fiction. *King, Queen, Knave* rehearses all the devices which will enable Nabokov to reveal, in novel after novel, the "contiguous world" (Nabokov's trope) of his own mind and spirit. Nowhere else is his animating presence more apparent, or his strategies of involution more clearly visible. In the Foreword to the 1966 version of *Speak, Memory*, Nabokov says that in looking for a title for the first edition (1951), he "toyed with *The Anthemion* which is the name of a honeysuckle ornament, consisting of elaborate interlacements and expanding clusters, but nobody liked it"; it would be a fitting, if pre-

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cious, sub-title for *King, Queen, Knave*. A grand anthemion entwines the narrative, like some vast authorial watermark, and its outlines are traced by the novel's elegantly ordered networks of geometric figurations, "coincidences," narrative prefigurations, butterfly references, anagrammatic characters ("Mr. Vivian Badlook" and "Blavdak Vinomori"=Vladimir Nabokov), and infinite regresses (years before, Dreyer had seen a play titled *King, Queen, Knave,* and a film version is scheduled to premiere after "the end" of the novel at hand).

By implication present everywhere, the novelist actually appears briefly with his wife in the last two chapters, like Alfred Hitchcock in one of his own films. Although the "remarkably handsome" author seems "contemptuous of everything on earth but her," his exclusiveness is exaggerated, and he is not the only artist present, for taking place both in and above the novel is a miraculous discussion between the creator and his creations about the nature of art and the expense it exacts. Dreyer turns out to be an unrealized artist, a man whose "fantasies were not salable," and he, the Inventor (who is assisted by a sculptor and a professor of physiology), and the landlord-conjurer respectively define and pose profound artistic problems: the primacy of the imagination, and the *cul de sac* of a merely decorative style; the desire for verisimilitude, and the impossibility of perfecting it; the necessity of role-playing and self-transformation, and the solipsism, perhaps madness thus risked.

Near the end of the novel, an itinerant photographer walks down the street, ignored by the crowd, "yelling into the wind: 'The artist is coming! The divinely favored, *der gottbegnadete* artist is coming!' "—a yell that anticipates and announces the arrival of such future avatars of the artist as the chess-player Luzhin in *The Defense* (1930), the butterfly collector Pilgram in "The Aurelian" (1931), the daydreaming art critic and dealer Albinus in *Laughter in the Dark* (1932), the inventor Salvator Waltz in The *Waltz Invention* (1938), and the philosopher Krug in *Bend Sinister* (1947), as well as poets *manqués* such as Humbert Humbert in *Lolita* (1955), and such genuine yet only partially fulfilled artists as Fyodor in *The Gift* (1938), Sebastian Knight in *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight* (1941), and John Shade in *Pale Fire* (1962). And the involuted design of each novel, projected so limpidly by *King, Queen, Knave,* reveals that these characters all exist in a universe of fiction arrayed around the consciousness of Vladimir Nabokov, the only artist of major stature who appears in Nabokov's work.

Some readers, however, may feel that works that are in part about themselves are limited in range and significance, too special, too hermetic. But the creative process is fundamental; perhaps nothing is *more* personal by implication and hence more relevant than fictions concerning fiction; identity, after all, is a kind of artistic construct, however imperfect the created product. If the artist does indeed embody in himself and formulate in his work the fears and needs and desires of the race, then a "story" about his mastery of form, his triumph in art is but a heightened emblem of all of our own efforts to confront, order, and structure the chaos of life, and to endure, if not master, the demons within and around us. "Of all my novels this bright brute is the gayest," writes Nabokov of *King, Queen, Knave,* summarizing how, in the face of his characters' egotism and banal criminal lust, he has lightly celebrated the efficacy of art.

Coward

TOM TIEDE

Trident Press, $5.95

CHARLES HORMAN

The first-rate journalism coming out of Vietnam has usurped much of fiction's traditional role. Jonathan Schell's *Village of Ben Suc,* Mailer's chronicle of the Washington Peace March, Slam Marshall's account of the death of *Look* Magazine's Sam Castan—while Castan was researching an article about how soldiers feel facing death—touched both the political and the personal sides of war in a way generally reserved to books written long after the shooting stops.

A novelist writing about Vietnam must prove to his public, already made suspicious by the literary efforts of the joint chiefs of staff, that his imaginings are justified by a greater depth and excellence of style than simple reportage.

Tom Tiede, the 30-year-old author of *Coward,* was in Vietnam as a reporter for Newspaper Enterprise Association.

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His articles won the Ernie Pyle Award, the National Headliners Club Award, and the Freedom Foundation Award. He wrote most of his novel about the war in Vietnam while on assignment in Southeast Asia.

The book is about a young American —Nathan Long—who goes on a hunger strike when his orders come through for Vietnam. Peace groups take up his cause; but when his case comes up for trial, Nate Long makes a deal with the army and goes on regular duty to Vietnam. There, assigned as company clerk because the other men are afraid he will let them down in a pinch, he learns to hate the enemy and finally asks to go into combat when a friend is killed. Cut off from his unit, he commits an act of exceptional courage which is later interpreted by the others as cowardice.

"This book deals with frightened men and cowards of several gradations," Tiede writes in his preface. "Their stories are absolutely true. Even their conversations are, to some extent, sliced from actuality."

But in choosing his stories and conversations, Tiede has avoided all the complexities he must have found so disturbing as a reporter. For instance, the book's Negro, Lt. Price, is a model officer "competent and efficient in his duties, friendly but reserved in his manner." The novel's bad guy, Sgt. Riker, who gives Nate a tough time about his hunger strike, is of course, a bully and a racist.

Nathan Long is a curious hunger artist. His background is clean as a whistle. College scholarships and high grades—even a citation for dragging a dozen people from a burning building. Most important, he has had no disconcerting flirtations with campus protest groups.

"I want you to answer me truthfully on every question now," his attorney intones before the court martial convenes. His smile was gone. "I've got to know. Don't try to screw me, now. Okay?"

"Yessir."

"Are you a Communist?"

"Sir?"

"A Communist. Answer it!"

"No. I'm not."

"Do you belong to any questionable organizations?"

"I don't understand."

"Left wing, right wing . . . any organizations of extremism."

"I'm not much of a joiner, Captain Fuller."

In a press release about his novel, Tiede writes, "As a realist who has been conditioned to believe what-must-be-done-must-be-done, I hold no sympathy for the herds of young moderns who are this moment forsaking Americana to duck the battlefield in Vietnam. But as a person, as an emotional thing, I feel for them. I don't give a damn for their philosophies or their causes. . . . I just grieve for their terror. They are so frightened. They are so really sick with fear."

Young Nathan, who shares his creator's distaste for political analysis, can produce little justification for his own brief hunger strike. Others—Captain Levy, for example—might have been able to toss out a few ideas. Tiede has

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tried to write about the psychology of protest divorced from the political issues of the war in Vietnam. He ignores the possibility that men like Nathan Long have refused to serve in the army because there is something drastically wrong in their country's foreign policies. This considerably simplifies his task as a novelist. Unlike those complex composites of heroism and neurosis who actually refuse to fight in Vietnam, Nathan's motive is rather straightforward. He finked out.

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"THIS IS A TIME *when some liberals will rediscover the difference between an encyclical and an ex cathedra definition. Others may learn, as Newman did, how to disagree with Rome and yet be loyal. Still others, we fear, will use this as an occasion to challenge authority out of a growing compulsion to do that on all occasions. Men of good will, of all religions, should try to avert this with prayer and counsel.*"

For a free copy of Wm. F. Buckley's NATIONAL REVIEW, write: Dept. D, 150 E. 35 Street, N.Y. 10016.

Perhaps the Vietnam war will someday produce a contemporary *Red Badge of Courage*, which ignores the politics of war to deal with the psychology of the men fighting it. David Halberstam's excellent novel, *One Very Hot Day* is not really such a book. He is very much attuned to the politics of Vietnam. The novel's day to day relations between American and South Vietnamese soldiers form a fictional extension of Halberstam's equally fine journalism by showing the human beings who make a quagmire.

While the war continues to drag on, writing an unpolitical novel about it, is, in itself, a political statement. Tiede has created a literary equivalent of "as-long-as-we're-there-we've-got-to-stay-in-there-and-make-the-best-of-it." Unhappily, *Coward* has none of those excellences of style, thought, or structure which might sustain it through a critical climate less sensitive to its politics.

It is too much a book written hastily between skirmishes—a book of small, occasionally telling vignettes. A book, mainly, of little ironies. The man with the little wound, not the big one, always dies. The whore with the heart of gold turns out to be a thief after all. The brave man is remembered as a coward and the coward as a brave man. War plays funny tricks. But unlike *All Quiet on the Western Front*, which was also based on the accumulation of tiny reversals, the book does not add up to a sum total of horror but to the bizarre. The Twilight Zone in Southeast Asia. Rod Serling's tour of Vietnam.

Writing a 400-page novel while covering a war as a reporter is a prodigious feat—but, like watching a man balance a lima bean on the end of his nose while waterskiing, you finally wonder if it's worth the energy.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 579)

3) A third position would stress the role of the Holy Spirit within the people *as a community*, relegating papal assertions (at least those which are not manifestly *ex cathedra*) to a status of relative unimportance. The papacy, the hierarchy in general, and the very institutional structure of the Church would be minimized as authoritative instruments of the Church's self-expression. Some would perhaps go so far as to understand simply "Christian community" where we now understand "Catholic community."

It is difficult to see *Humanae Vitae* other than as implying a very firm papal rejection of the second position, since the encyclical certainly does *not* accord with ecclesial consensus. Its authority rests solely on its papal origin. In general, then, it seems that Catholics will now be required to accept, with the Pope, the first of the three positions noted above; or else by the very rejection of that first position they will tend inevitably toward the third. Thus, the ecclesiological implications of this encyclical are enormous. JOSEPH M. VERTIN

Camden, N.J.

To the Editors: Pope Paul's encyclical *Humanae Vitae*, whether or not one agrees with its conclusions, will do much to settle the minds of the faithful and give them authoritative guidelines for forming their individual consciences in the difficult matter of birth control.

One might hope that the Pope would now turn his attentions to a study of the great commandment "Thou Shalt Not Kill" with particular emphasis on the morality of the "just war" theory and other convenient exceptions to this law in the light of the new and sophisticated methods of "overkill" which we have at our command. Surely if life is sacred and may not be tampered with in its human origins is it not equally important that moral principles be clearly defined to preserve the life we create from wanton destruction . . .

Unfortunately public morality always lags behind individual morality. It is easier to "sit by the marriage bed" so to speak and demand heroic sacrifices of individuals than to enter into the councils of government and demand the sacrifice of super weapons which would seem to be "immoral devices" for killing even in a so-called "just" war.

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Should we not get the same clear and unequivocal moral demand from Christ's Vicar on earth that we heard from Christ himself when he admonished His followers for resorting to violence in His behalf when he said "He who takes the sword shall perish by the sword"? ALMON G. FARNSWORTH

Yonkers, N.Y.

To the Editors: If there has been some ambiguity in the past among theologians as to the degree of binding authority of papal letters upon the consciences of the faithful, the recent letter of Paul VI on birth control clearly indicates that papal letters cannot be considered 1) as infallibly binding upon the consciences of the faithful, 2) as possessing even the same degree of authority as a conciliar document such as the "pastoral declaration" of Vatican II on the Church. Paul VI writes as Bishop of Rome and President of the College, but, in so far as it is at the very minimum ambiguous as to the degree of binding authority he possesses concretely when he speaks as such in a papal letter, it would seem more probable that in such instances the faithful are still free to follow their consciences in such matters as regards concrete moral imperatives. . . .

ROBERT PALESE

Stop McAfee Brown!

Collegeville, Minn.

To the Editors: McAfee Brown's hysterical and highly one-sided article [July 26] takes him out of the realm of theology where he is at home and thrusts him into a field where he obviously is not. Naiveté, distortion of facts, and obfuscation would get him a failing grade in a freshman government course at this institution.

Speaking as one who knows both candidates personally, Hubert Humphrey is a kind, compassionate, and dedicated person. For twenty years and more he has been putting into practice what McAfee Brown has been preaching from his celestial pulpit. No liberal in America in this century has come closer to implementing *Commonweal*'s social philosophy over the years than Hubert Humphrey.

Brown's naiveté about the nominating process that also produced Franklin Roosevelt, Adlai Stevenson, and John F. Kennedy can be forgiven. His lack of balance and justice cannot be. I am disappointed that *Commonweal* has felt so compelled by one kind of ecumenicism as to accept for publication such an unfair piece of political propaganda.

EDWARD L. HENRY

Berkeley, Calif.

To the Editors: In my many years as an enthusiastic *Commonweal* subscriber I must comment for the first time re the frantic "Stop Humphrey" ad by Robert McAfee Brown in your July 26 issue. Why so anxious? Although the alternatives are not impressive, to say the least, Senator Eugene McCarthy has yet to convince me of his qualifications for the presidency. Granted, he spoke out early on Vietnam, but I am not as impressed at his much touted moral courage in so doing as was shown by Senator Robert Kennedy, who had more to lose when he spoke out on the same issue much earlier. Doesn't Senator McCarthy's Senate term last a while yet? He only serves to gain meanwhile by the publicity even if he loses the Presidential nomination.

Much more at issue here are his personal qualities. Although impressed by his ideas expressed during the last 10 years, I have misgivings about Senator McCarthy's ability to engage in the personal give and take required of an effective President. He has not been a gracious loser in the past, either in his behavior on TV when JFK was nominated President or after the recent Indiana primary when he commented re his defeat by RFK: "Now we know how he campaigns." His tendency to double talk and skirt issues when directly confronted concerns me and does not bode well for any lessening of a credibility gap. Senator McCarthy is too remote personally and reserved to appeal to or be able to speak to many persons outside of the university community or their children. At least Vice President Humphrey comes across as a more human and open, kind person. . . .

ELIZABETH POPE

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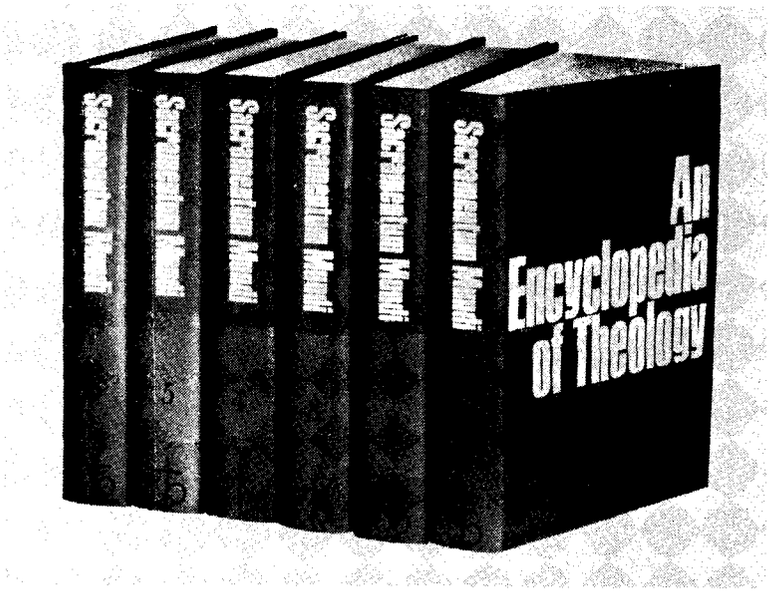

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